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MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE DRAMA

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

THOSE of us who are now sexagenarians and who had the good fortune to make acquaintance with *Essays in Criticism* in our undergraduate days and to read the successive collections of Matthew Arnold's later criticisms as they appeared one by one, in the score of years that followed, can never forget the debt we owe to the critic who opened our eyes to the value of culture, to the purpose of criticism and to the duty of "seeing the thing as it is." We felt an increasing stimulus as we came to know Arnold's writings more intimately, as we absorbed them, as we made their ideas our own, as we sought to apply their principles and to borrow their methods. The influence of Arnold's work upon the generation born in the middle of the nineteenth century was immediate and it has been enduring.

"Without in the least over-rating himself," so Mr. Brownell has finely phrased it, Arnold "took himself with absolute seriousness, and his work from first to last is informed with the high sincerity of a consistent purpose—the purpose of being nobly useful to his time and country by preaching to men precisely the gospel he conceived they most vitally needed. For the consideration of his public and his era he deemed energy less important than light, earnestness less needful than sweetness, genius less beneficent than reasonableness, erudition less called for than culture." He preached always persuasively, making his points sharply and often tipping them with wit that they might penetrate the more swiftly. He knew so certainly what he wanted to prove that it was easy for him always to be clear. His style, one of the most delightful in the whole range of English literature, is ever limpid, pellucid, transparent.

As he was directly addressing the public of his own era, he constantly dealt with the themes of immediate interest to his contemporaries in his own country. So it is that a large proportion of his writing, always indisputably literary in its treatment, is now discovered to be sometimes journalistic in its theme. Whatever interest his discussion of the Burials Bill, the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, the law of bequest and entail, the Irish Home Rule question, may have had when these topics were being hotly debated in the House of Commons, has evaporated now that the passage of years has deprived them of their pertinency. Moreover even in writing his essays on questions of permanent importance, the question of secondary education, for example, and the question of the classics

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against the sciences, Arnold was so eager to catch the attention of his contemporaries that he never hesitated to make use of illustrations from the happenings of the moment, likely to be a little unintelligible to readers of a later generation.

To say this is to suggest that he yielded a little too much and a little too often to the temptation of an instantaneous and fleeting effect, and that there are passages in his writings, and not a few of them, which will be obscure to readers of the twentieth century without an annotation almost as abundant as that which does not prevent Pope's *Dunciad* from being unreadable. The fact is that Arnold, although essentially a man of letters, had a hankering after the newspaper, after the direct and evanescent impression of journalism. His essays were all published in magazines and reviews, and the magazine,—and the review also—is always alert to capture the element of timeliness; it is at best only a bridge between literature and journalism. *Friendship's Garland,* one of the most amusing of Arnold's books and one in which he most completely expressed certain of his opinions, was originally contributed to a daily paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette,* at irregular intervals during the years 1866 to 1870. It is true that the *Pall Mall Gazette,* while under the control of its founder, Frederick Greenwood, and afterward when it was edited by John Morley, was the most literary of London journals, rivalling in this respect the *Temps* and the *Débats* of Paris. To this evening journal, appealing to the better sort of newspaper readers, Arnold continued to contribute from time to time brief articles on literary and educational topics, most of which he did not care to preserve in his successive volumes, and only half a dozen of which have been included even in the more or less complete *edition de luxe* of his prose and verse published in fifteen volumes in 1903-4 and limited to seven hundred and fifty copies.

Among these newspaper contributions rescued in this limited edition are a valuable note on George Sand (whom he rated higher than Balzac), and a series of five letters from "An Old Playgoer," written between December, 1882, and October, 1884. These five letters represent his sole venture into the field of theatrical criticism,—excepting only the very interesting paper on the "French Play in London," evoked by the visit of the Comédie-Française to England in 1879. This single essay and these five brief letters are the only evidences of Arnold's keen interest in the theatre. He was a constant playgoer,—unlike Sainte-Beuve, in whose footsteps he followed loyally and who seems to have cared little for the acted drama, although he was always characteristically acute and felicitous in his criticism of Molière and of the other masters of the French stage.

Born in 1822, Matthew Arnold was old enough to have witnessed the final appearances of the last of the Kemble brotherhood; and in one of the *Pall Mall Gazette* letters he recorded his opinion that the Benedick of Charles Kemble was superior to that of Henry Irving. "I remember how in my youth," he confessed in his paper on the performances of the Comédie-Française, "after a first sight of the divine Rachel at the Edinburgh theatre, in the part of Hermione, I followed her to Paris, and for two months never missed one of her performances." And it was this intensive study of the great actress which inspired his three noble sonnets on Rachel.

One can glean from his published correspondence a sparse record of his occasional visits to the theatre in England and on the continent,—records often accompanied by his off-hand judgments of the plays and of the players whom he beheld. In February, 1861, he saw Charles Fechter as Othello: "the first two acts I thought poor (Shakespeare's fault, partly), the next two effective, and the last pretty well." In April, 1864, he accepted an invitation to see Miss Bateman as Leah, adding that he had already seen "most of the things

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that are being given now." In March, 1865, he went with his family to see Sothern as Lord Dundreary. In November, 1874, he writes that he much wanted to see *Hamlet* (which Irving was then acting); and in February, 1876, he tells his sister that he is going to see "that gibbering performance, as I fear it is, Irving's *Othello*." Nearly ten years later in November, 1885, he saw *Othello* at the Royal Theatre in Berlin: —"horrid! but I wanted for once to see Shakespeare in German." And a year after, in March, 1886, when he was again in Germany, he reported that he was going "a great deal to the theatres, the acting is so good" (this was in Munich).

II

In 1856, when he was thirty-four, he seems to have planned a closet-drama on a Roman theme; "I am full of a tragedy of the time of the end of the Republic—one of the most colossal times of the world, I think. . . . It won't see the light, however, before 1857." It never has seen the light; and when 1857 arrived it found him at work on a closet-drama on a Greek theme, the *Merope* which he was to publish in 1858. As he was engaged in rehandling a story already dealt with by Euripides, Maffei, Voltaire and Alfieri, Arnold wisely undertook an analysis of the dramaturgic methods of the greatest and the most skilful of all the Attic dramatists: "what I learn in studying Sophocles for my present purpose is, or seems to me, wonderful; so far exceeding all that one would learn in years' reading of him without such a purpose."

In the preface to his collected *Poems*, issued in 1853, he had discussed the poet's choice of a theme. He did not cite but he echoed Voltaire's assertion that the success of a tragedy depends on its subject. In fact, Arnold is discussing poetry at large and not dramatic poetry only, yet the principle he laid down applies with special force to the drama: "the poet has in the first place to select an excellent action; and what actions are the most excellent? Those, certainly, which most powerfully appeal to the great primary human affections: to those elementary feelings which subsist permanently in the race, and which are independent of time."

In the preface to *Merope* itself, written five years later, Arnold sought to justify his selection of a Greek action, and his attempt to present this action as he imagined it would have been presented by a Greek dramatist. He described the origin and development of Greek tragedy, proving his knowledge of its principles. Yet in the play itself he was unable to apply these principles successfully. He lacked both the native dramatic genius and the acquired theatrical talent. In a letter of February, 1858, to his sister, he expressed his dissatisfaction with the adverse criticisms of his dramatic poem, which were the result largely of his own argumentative preface: "Instead of reading it for what it is worth, everybody begins to consider whether it does not betray a design to substitute tragedies *à la Grecque* for every other kind of poetical composition in England, and falls into an attitude of violent resistance to such an imaginary design. What I meant them to see in it was a specimen of the world created by the Greek imagination. This imagination was different from our own, and it is hard for us to appreciate, even to understand it; but it had a peculiar power, grandeur, and dignity, and these are worth trying to get an apprehension of."

What Arnold himself failed to perceive is that the peculiar power, grandeur and dignity of the Greek imagination can best be apprehended by a study of the tragedies written by the Greeks themselves and that there was no need for him or for any other Englishman to try to beat the Attic tragedians on their own ground and with their own weapons. After all, the most satisfactory Greek tragedies are and must be those written by the Greeks, as the most satisfactory Elizabethan dramas are those written by the Elizabethans. The

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action of *Merope* might be excellent; it might "most powerfully appeal to the great primary human affections"; but it could exert this appeal upon a modern audience only if it were presented in accord with modern conditions. The theme of *Merope* might have a universal and perennial interest, but the form which Matthew Arnold gave it was only local and temporary, however superb it might have been when it had evolved spontaneously from the special conditions of theatrical performance in Athens. Furthermore, with all his liking for the acted drama, Arnold in composing *Merope* was not thinking of performance in any theatre, he was creating only a closet-drama, a still-born offspring of the Muse. A play which is not intended to be played is a contradiction in terms; it is an overt absurdity, no matter how greatly gifted the poet may be who deceives himself in the vain effort to achieve the truly dramatic without taking into account the theatre, in which only can the true drama be born.

Eight years later he seems to have been on the verge of repeating his blunder and of again wasting his effort in an attempt foredoomed to failure. In March, 1866, he wrote to his mother that he was troubled to find that Tennyson was at work on a subject, the story of the Latin poet Lucretius, which he himself had been occupied with for some twenty years: "I was going to make a tragedy out of it. . . . I shall probably go on with it, but it is annoying, the more so as I cannot possibly go on at present so as to be ready this year, but must wait till next." Fortunately for himself he did not go on; and before the next year came the project of a tragedy on Lucretius had joined the earlier project of the tragedy "of the time of the end of the Republic." In the first planned dramatic poem there might have been the stuff out of which a true tragedy could be made, even if Arnold was not the man to make it; but the subject of the later Roman men seems hopelessly infertile. It is true that Molière was intensely interested in Lucretius, and Molière was a born playwright; but all that Molière planned to do was to make a French translation of the great work of Lucretius; and the Latin poet would never have suggested himself to the French dramatist as the possible hero of a tragedy.

III

With Arnold's persistent desire to use the dramatic form, with his lively curiosity as to the principles of playmaking and with his unfailing interest in the art of acting, we may well wonder why it is that no one of his more elaborate critical studies was devoted to any of the great dramatists. There are the lofty sonnets on Sophocles and on Shakespeare, but there is no single study of Sophocles or of Shakespeare or of Molière. Scattered through his essays are many penetrating bits of criticism upon one or another of the playwrights of Europe. In the essay, "A French Critic on Goethe," for example, there is an illuminating comparison of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen" with Schiller's "Robbers." Arnold quoted the assertion of a British critic that "there was something which prevented Goethe from ever becoming a great dramatist; he could never lose himself sufficiently in his creations." And on this Arnold commented that it is in "Goetz" that Goethe loses himself the most. "Goetz" is full of faults, "but there is a life and a power in it, and it is not dull. This is what distinguishes it from Schiller's 'Robbers.' The 'Robbers' is at once violent and tiresome. 'Goetz' is violent, but it is not tiresome."

The one long article devoted exclusively to things theatrical is the "French Play in London," written in 1879, and reprinted in *Irish Essays and Others*,—a volume in which it finds itself strangely out of place in its enforced companionship with half a dozen sprightly specimens of political polemic.

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The "French Play in London" is one of the cleverest of Arnold's essays, and one of the most charming. It is also one of the most valuable, rich in matter, graceful and urbane in manner, witty in expression and wise in outlook. It reveals Arnold's genuine appreciation of the drama as a literary form,—and it discloses also his understanding of the art of acting, by which only is the drama made vital.

The Comédie-Française was then in the plenitude of its superiority over all other histrionic aggregations. It possessed a company of comedians probably unequalled in France before or since, and certainly unequalled in England,—except possibly at Drury Lane in the early years of Sheridan's management, when the *School for Scandal* was "in all its glory," as Charles Lamb said. The boards of the Théâtre Français were nightly trod by Got and Coquelin, by Thiron, Barré and Febvre, by Sarah Bernhardt and Croizette, by Barretta and Jouassain. In comedy, in Molière, Beaumarchais and Augier, it was incomparable; in Hugo it was superb; and even if it was not so superb in Corneille and Racine, it was at least far more than adequate.

Although Arnold began by declaring that he did not propose to analyse the artistic accomplishment of the several members of this galaxy of stars, he did allow himself one excursus into purely histrionic criticism,—an excursus which proved both his insight and his foresight. He pointed out—and this was in 1879—the fatal defect in the equipment of Sarah Bernhardt, a defect which was to be made painfully manifest in the ensuing thirty years:—"One remark I will make, a remark suggested by the inevitable comparison of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt with Rachel. One talks vaguely of genius, but I had never till now comprehended how much of Rachel's superiority was purely in intellectual power, how eminently this power counts in the actor's art as in all arts, how just is the instinct which led the Greeks to mark with a high and severe stamp the Muses. Temperament and quick intelligence, passion, nervous mobility, grace, smile, voice, charm, poetry,—Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has them all. One watches her with pleasure, with admiration,—and yet not without a secret disquietude. Something is wanting, or, at least, not present in sufficient force, something which alone can secure and fix her administration of all the charming gifts which she has, can alone keep them fresh, keep them sincere, save them from perils by caprice, perils by mannerism. That something is high intellectual power. It was here that Rachel was so great; she began, one says to oneself as one recalls her image and dwells upon it,—she began almost where Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt ends."

A little later in his essay, Arnold, as was his wont, and in accord with what Mr. Brownell has called his "missionary spirit," asked what was the moral to be drawn by us who speak English from the opportunity to study the best that the French stage had to offer. He digressed to point out that Victor Hugo is not "a poet of the race and lineage of Shakespeare" as Swinburne had rashly asserted in one of his characteristically dithyrambic rhapsodies. Arnold dwelt also on the inferiority of the rhymed French Alexandrine as a poetic instrument for dramatic use to English blank verse and to the Greek iambic. "Victor Hugo is said to be a cunning and mighty artist in Alexandrines, and so unquestionably he is; but he is an artist in a form radically inadequate and inferior, and in which a drama like that of Sophocles or Shakespeare is impossible."

Then Arnold, writing in 1879, it must be again recalled, declared that "we in England have no modern drama at all. We have our Elizabethan drama" and eighteenth century comedy. "Then we have numberless imitations and adaptations from the French. All of these are at bottom fantastic,"—because the result of putting French wine into English bottles is to give to the attentive observer "a sense of incurable

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falsity in the piece as adapted." To this point Arnold was to recur again in one of the "Letters of an Old Playgoer." Yet even at this moment when the English language had no drama dealing with life of the English-speaking peoples, these peoples were revealing a steadily increasing interest in the theatre. "I see our community turning to the theatre with eagerness, and finding the English theatre without organisation or purpose, or dignity,—and no modern English drama at all except a fantastical one. And then I see the French company from the chief theatre of Paris showing themselves to us in London,—a society of actors admirable in organisation, purpose and dignity, with a modern drama not fantastic at all, but corresponding with fidelity to a very palpable and powerful ideal."

He asked "What is the consequences which it is right and rational for us to draw? Surely it is this: 'The theatre is irresistible; *organise the theatre.*'" And then he outlined a method of organisation which would provide London with a company of actors worthy of consideration by the side of the company which had come over from Paris. When this is once done a modern drama "will also, probably, spring up;"—that is to say, Arnold hoped that an adequate and working organisation of the theatre would bring about a new birth in the English drama. And the event proved that the second of these hopes was to be fulfilled without being preceded by any effort to attain the first. The English theatre is not yet "organised" in accord with Arnold's suggestions; but the English language has developed a modern drama, not adapted from the French and therefore not fantastic at all, but corresponding with more or less fidelity to a palpable and powerful ideal. The beginnings of this revivification of the English drama were already visible in 1879, although they were a little more obviously visible five years later, in 1884, when Arnold wrote the fifth and final of his "Letters of an Old Playgoer."

IV

The first of these letters was the result of an invitation from Mr. Henry Arthur Jones to attend the first performance of *The Silver King* on November 16, 1882; and the other four followed at irregular intervals during the next two years, called forth by one or another of the "current attractions" at the London theatres. It is plain enough that he enjoyed writing them, pleased at the new opportunity to apply the old doctrine and glad to note the signs of the coming of a modern English drama, slowly purging itself of fantasticality. When Morley expressed his liking for these letters, Arnold called them "the last flicker of a nearly exhausted rushlight." Yet they still have illumination for us, more than thirty years later. They deal with both of the aspects of the double art of the drama, with the plays themselves and with the performers who made them live at the moment. They disclose Arnold's constant sanity, his penetrating shrewdness, his ability to see the thing as it is, his cogency of presentation, his power of drawing out the principle from the practice, and his insistence on finding the moral latent in every manifestation of art.

In the performance of *The Silver King* Arnold noted "the high general level of the acting" and he contrasted this with his memories of thirty-five years earlier when Macready was acting his great Shakespearian parts, supported by two or three middling actors, "and the rest moping and mowing in what was not to be called English but rather stagese,"—a remark to be recommended to the consideration of those praisers of past times who still talk of the palmy days and who affect to believe that the level of acting is lower than it was when the old stock-companies strutted to half-empty houses in dingy and shabby theatres. He found that *The Silver King* was an honest melodrama, relying "for its main effect on an outer drama of sensational incidents," that is to say, upon its external action,

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rather than on its characters. But melodrama as it is in its structure *The Silver King* was not melodramatic in its dialogue. "In general throughout the piece the diction and the sentiments are natural; they have sobriety and propriety; they are literature."

In the second and third letters he dealt with three comedy-dramas, *Forget-me-not* by Messrs. Grove and Merivale, *A Great Catch* by Mr. Hamilton Aidé, and *Impulse* by Mr. Charles Stephenson. The plays of Mr. Aidé and of Messrs. Grove and Merivale were evidences of the immediate development of a modern drama in England, far superior in veracity and in execution to the adaptations which had held the stage in London half a century earlier. Arnold credited *Forget-me-not* with dialogue "always pointed and smart, sometimes quite brilliant"; and he declared that "the piece has its life from its ability and verve." But with his usual insight he could not fail to see that its action lacked an adequate motive. In this respect *A Great Catch* was more satisfactory; yet once again he was able to put his finger on the defect; one of the most important characters was inadequately developed. Here Arnold's criticism is purely technical; and it is sound and useful. Then he gave high praise to the admirable acting of Miss Genevieve Ward, an American who had taken a foremost position on the English stage.

Impulse, he did not like at all: "a piece more unprofitable it is hard to imagine." Mr. Stephenson's play was a flagrant example of the fantasticality, of the incurable falsity, likely to result from the dislocation of a plot essentially French in an absurd effort to adjust it to social conditions essentially English. The story no longer represents French life and it misrepresents English life; it becomes "something half-true, factitious and unmeaning." So the play is "intensely disagreeable," achieving success because of the acting of the two chief parts, because of "the singularly attractive, sympathetic and popular personalities of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal; while they are on the stage it is hard to be dissatisfied."

The three plays considered in the first two letters were evidences that dramatists were coming forward in England who were capable not only of invention and construction, but who were possessed also of a sincere desire to deal with life as they severally saw it; and the single play considered in the third letter was evidence that the public had not yet experienced a change of heart and still lingered in the condition when it could be amused by insincere adaptations. In the fourth and fifth letters Arnold had worthier topics. The fourth letter was devoted to Henry Irving's sumptuous and brilliant presentation of *Much Ado About Nothing;* and the fifth and final letter, the only one written after his visit to America, after his voyage across "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea," was devoted to Wilson Barrett's ambitious presentation of *Hamlet.*

Arnold asserted that *Much Ado* was beautifully put upon the stage, which "greatly heightens the charm of ideal comedy." He declared also that it was "acted with an evenness, a general level of merit which was not to be found twenty-five years ago." He discovered in Henry Irving and also in Ellen Terry "a personality which peculiarly fits them for ideal comedy. Miss Terry is sometimes restless and over-excited; but she has a spirited vivacity which is charming. Mr. Irving has faults which have often been pointed out; but he has, as an actor, a merit which redeems them all, and which is the secret of his success: the merit of delicacy and distinction. . . . Mankind are often unjust to this merit, and most of us much resist having to exhibit it in our own life and soul; but it is singular what a charm it exercises over us."

Arnold begins his criticism on Wilson Barrett's *Hamlet* with a discussion of the tragedy itself and with the influence exerted upon Shakespeare himself at the very moment of its composition by Montaigne. This leads him to the rather

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strange conclusion that *Hamlet* is "not a drama followed with perfect comprehension and profoundest emotion, which is the ideal for tragedy, but a problem, soliciting interpretation and solution. It will never, therefore, be a piece to be seen with pure satisfaction by those who will not deceive themselves. But such is its power and such is its fame that it will always continue to be acted, and we shall all of us continue to go to see it." Then the critic turned to the acting, praising E. S. Willard's Claudius and finding Wilson Barrett's Hamlet "fresh, natural, young, prepossessing, animated, coherent, the piece moves. All Hamlets I have seen dissatisfy us in something. Macready wanted person, Charles Kean mind, Fechter English; Mr. Wilson Barrett wants elocution."

V

As we read these "Letters of An Old Playgoer" we cannot help noting three things; first, Arnold's alert interest in the drama as an art and his insight into its principles; second, his equally alert interest in acting and his understanding of its methods,—an understanding quite unusual among men of letters, who are generally even more at sea in discussing the histrionic art than they are in discussing the arts of the painter, the sculptor, and the architect. And it is significant that Arnold's own appreciation of dramaturgic and histrionic craftsmanship was not accompanied by any correspondingly acute appreciation of either pictorial or plastic skill, in the manifestations of which he seems never to have been greatly interested, even during his visits to Italy and France.

The third thing we note is that Arnold retained his openmindedness and his freshness of impression. He was sixty when he turned aside to consider the improving conditions of the English theatre, the advance in English acting and the beginnings of the modern English drama; but he revealed none of the customary sexagenarian proneness to look back longingly to the days of his youth, and to bewail the degeneracy discoverable in the years of his old age. He was quick to see progress and frank in acknowledging its presence. Perhaps his openmindedness in his maturity was in some measure due to his early and severe training in Greek and to his absorption of the free Greek spirit, which secured him against pedantry and kept his vision unimpaired.

INGRAM—DISCOURAGER OF POE BIOGRAPHIES

BY CAROLINE TICKNOR

EARLY in February there passed away in Brighton, England, a unique literary figure, John H. Ingram, whose life had been devoted to the study of Edgar Allan Poe. Since boyhood the Englishman had been a student and lover of Poe's work, as well as an enthusiastic collector of his letters, manuscripts and first editions, and it is understood that his decease has put upon the English market one of the very best collections of Poeana in existence.

For over thirty years Ingram had been at work upon his final and exhaustive life of Poe, whose genius, he claimed, had failed to win proper appreciation in America. This work was practically complete at the time that the writer, once prominent in the world of letters, and of late quite forgotten,

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slipped quietly away, evoking scarce a comment from the press, either here, or in England. Yet Ingram had written and translated a score of books, and had been a well-known contributor to the leading reviews of England, France and America. A literary expert in many lines, his latest publication was a little volume on *Marlowe and His Poetry,* issued in 1914. He had in past years written biographies of Chatterton, Mrs. Browning, Oliver Madox Brown and others, besides producing a large amount of editorial work, but his chief interest had always focused upon Edgar Poe, and it was in connection with his researches in this especial field that he desired to be remembered; he wished to be the one authentic Poe biographer in all the world, and it remains to be proved whether he realised this ambition in the work which is now awaiting publication in England (if it has not already gone to press).

As far back as 1874, he first edited the works of Poe, supplying a short Memoir, which in 1880 he extended into his *Life of Poe,* which has remained a standard work, pronounced by Professor Harrison as the best and most reliable biography of Poe.

Ingram continued to edit various editions of Poe's poems, essays and tales, including those in the Tauchnitz series, and in one volume, devoted to "The Raven," he collected the interesting parodies upon that poem which had sprung up in all parts of the world. His *Life of Poe* passed through many editions here and in England, was translated into several European languages, and was extended by him a decade after its appearance. Throughout his life, Ingram was busied with hunting up fresh information regarding his pet subject and in watching with jealous eye the publication of anything concerning Poe. Like all men with a hobby he became, as years went on, more and more prompt to resent any encroachment upon the field in which he felt he reigned supreme, by means of extended study, research and the ownership of numberless Poe documents.

To write an article or book on Poe was generally synonymous with quarrelling with Ingram, who pounced upon the luckless intruder the moment his production came from the press, and either pointed out his errors and misstatements, or else came down upon him for the use of material which Ingram had copyrighted.

Yet those that bearded the lion in his den were likely to find him far less intimidating than they had expected; a little friendly converse about the hero of their mutual literary works soon brought about a truce, and Ingram, who had vowed vengeance on the other Poe enthusiast, generally ended by showing him his treasures and offering to aid him in further researches.

Ingram's first transatlantic quarrel was with William F. Gill, whose work on Poe was issued almost simultaneously with his first memoir, and the two men attacked each other furiously in the English and American papers, each one accusing the other of appropriating facts and material which he had put forth in previous articles.

Ingram called Gill a "scoundrel," and Gill responded in kind, remarking that the Englishman who was walking about with a "chip on his shoulder" waiting for someone to give him a "blow or a kick," would now get both from his American adversary. Each one pointed out the defects in his opponent's book and called upon the public to learn the truth as *he* had set it forth.

As usual, there was a woman in the case, upon whose unoffending shoulders fell the wrath of all concerned. The innocent participant in this affair was the gentle Rhode Island poet, Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, once betrothed to Poe, and ever after his champion in the literary world. This lady, whose little book *Edgar Poe and His Critics* was the first volume put forth in his defence, was always ready to take up cudgels for him, and to her Ingram turned for help in the production of his work.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE.

A DISCLAIMER.

From the "ATHENÆUM" *of 15th January*, 1876.

The "MEMORIAL VOLUME" of Edgar Poe's Poems, recently alluded to in the *Athenæum*, has now appeared in New York. It includes my vindicatory sketch of the poet, but introduced by the unwarrantable remark that "a considerable portion of Mr. Ingram's Memoir is gathered from material previously used by Mr. W. F. Gill in his lecture, 'The Romance of Edgar A. Poe,' *written* in September, 1873." That *I have never received a single item of information from Mr. Gill respecting Edgar Poe*, or made use of anything *written* by him on the same subject, and that the publisher of the "Memorial Volume" knew this the following extracts will clearly prove. Last August, Mr. Widdleton, publisher of the above book, wrote to me with reference to the proposed republication in America of my sketch,—"Mr. Gill, of Boston, asks us not to use your memoir, as it covers material *taken from his paper on Poe in 'Lotos Leaves.'*" In reply, I not only most emphatically denied ever having made use of any information derived from Mr. Gill, but also pointed out that my sketch was published in October, 1874,* whereas "Lotos Leaves" did not appear until January, 1875. Mr. Widdleton, in acknowledgment, admitted that Mr. Gill was "evidently strangely at fault," and yet he now publishes, without previously referring to me, the above statement respecting an alleged work of September, 1873, the utter unreliability of which I can prove from Mr. Gill's own letters to me. Early in 1874, hearing that Mr. Gill was collecting material for a lecture on Poe, I wrote and asked him whether he had any reliable information about the poet, if so, whether he was willing to dispose of copies of the same to me, and whether he had any intention of writing the poet's memoir. "I do intend to write the life of Poe," he replied, "unless you should much prefer to buy out my material, which I would sell if your preference was for that. As *I have not written any minor articles*, I cannot send any portions of my materials." Responding that I was willing to purchase any reliable information about Poe other than that I already possessed, and requesting further particulars, Mr. Gill answered, but without naming any price for his collection, "Much of my material is of a peculiarly personal nature in the form of notes taken down when conversing with Mr. G. R. Graham and others, and before I could transmit it *I should be obliged to put it carefully into shape before it could be understood by another.* With all willingness to forward any material possible, I cannot, as yet, find opportunity for the necessary preliminary of arranging material." These letters from Mr. Gill are dated 6th June, and 27th August, 1874, respectively; they contained requests for copies of what I had written about Poe, requests which I complied with, and, in consequence, had the pleasure of seeing my discoveries partially reproduced, even to the extent of an uncorrected error, but without any acknowledgment, in "Lotos Leaves."

This is my case: let Mr. Gill now state where his aptly styled "Romance of Edgar A. Poe" was published, and what portion of it he claims to have been reproduced in my Memoir of Edgar Poe, a work which several friends in England and America know to be the result of twelve years research.

London. JOHN H. INGRAM.

* Prefixed to the first volume of the complete Edition of the Works of Edgar Allan Poe Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

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Engineer-in-Chief's Office, General Post Office,
London, England.
14 Feby 1876
Rec'd March 1

My ever dear Friend,

I am profoundly grieved that I have so wounded your feelings as the tone of yours dated the 15th., shows that I have, but pray forgive me. It was not the mere fact of Gill's impudence, nor the audacity of Widdleton giving any apparent sanction to the claim, but what wounded me to the quick, was your apparent indifference. Had your letter contained a single sentence of disgust at Gill's conduct I should have felt satisfied, but seeing, so it seemed to me, that although you expressed your disbelief (- not positive knowledge which, however, you had -) of his said "Romance of Edgar A. Poe" having been written, you took his claim as a matter of course, I felt utterly despairing of having done, or being able to do, anything towards proving my theory of Poe's life. I read, and reread your letter, but vainly sought

A CHARACTERISTIC INGRAM LETTER TO MRS. WHITMAN

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Ingram wrote Mrs. Whitman for data and information, which she most kindly furnished, and so did Gill, and so, a little later, did Eugene L. Didier, and the result was a storm of indignation from these biographers when each one learned that information which he regarded as his rightful property was shared by his opponents. Into a vortex of controversy between biographers the lady was drawn, and though she conscientiously endeavoured to quell the strife and reconcile the disputants, she could not dispel the bitter enmity which had arisen between Poe's various champions.

While she deplored the jealousy and strife existing between the men who strove to defend Poe, Mrs. Whitman's sympathies were with the Englishman, whose work on Poe she firmly believed would be the one worthy of a permanent place.

Between the years 1873 and 1877, Ingram wrote to this lady hundreds of letters describing the progress of his work and asking for the aid which she was able to bestow. In these, one finds the marvellous enthusiasm of an expert set forth, and one may follow the various steps by which he worked out the unsolved problems, and the clever manœuvring by which Ingram collected from friends of Poe, especially the women who had known him, hundreds of letters, autographs, and manuscripts, many of which he managed to secure as a part of his own collection.

The enthusiasm for Poe which seems to have been at this time greater in England than in America, was greatly augmented by Ingram's activity; he found in Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti brother enthusiasts, and not content with his exertions in England, he did all in his power to stir up the interest of France in this direction.

And here he came in contact with Stéphane Mallarmé, leader of the Impressionist school of poets, himself an intense admirer of Poe, who was just at this time translating Poe's poems into French. A warm friendship sprang up between these men, who not content with the personal enjoyment of their pet hobby, were both keen to spread through the whole of Europe an increased appreciation of Poe. Those that recall Mallarmé's last visit to London, which took place at about this period, describe him as "a little gentleman with a huge portfolio under his arm containing his translation of 'The Raven,' startlingly illustrated by Manet, and searching for the home of Swinburne," with whom he was about to discuss their mutual interest in the American poet.

The accompanying sketch of Ingram made by a young American artist then (1876) studying in London will give some little idea of the former's appearance at this period, when he was about thirty years of age. This little sketch was sent by Ingram to Mrs. Whitman, whose letter of introduction had made him acquainted with the young American girl of whom he writes: "She seems already rather homesick. She sketched off my profile for you but I was not a very patient model, so don't rely on its exactness."

With the announcement of the publication of Ingram's first edition of Poe in 1874, he issued a printed slip headed "A Disclaimer," in which he states his case against Gill, refutes the things Gill has said about his work and closes with the words: "This is my case. Let Mr. Gill now state where his aptly styled *Romance of Edgar A. Poe* was published, and what portion of it he claims to have been reproduced in my *Memoir of Edgar Poe,* a work which several friends in England and America know to have been the result of twelve years of research."

This "twelve years of research" was supplemented by forty years more of painstaking work upon this theme, of which he wrote to Mrs. Whitman in 1876, "I mean to live, labour and be famous yet, my dear friend. Like poor Chenier, 'I have so much here' (in my brain) which must some day be wrought out."

His knowledge that Mrs. Whitman

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was distressed by the transatlantic quarrel made him anxious to explain his own attitude to her, to whom he writes:

> Having to publish the "Disclaimer" has been a very bitter pill to me, because it seemed to me as if I were striving to abrogate to myself the sole right to vindicate Poe,—as if I were jealous of others attempting to rival me there. On my soul I was never inspired by such feelings! Had any properly qualified person undertaken the task of writing *Poe's Life* I would willingly, and without hope or wish for any kind of reward, have assisted him or her, and have given every scrap I possessed about the poet. When Gill asked me for information I willingly sent him such published papers as I had and would have sent him more had I been able to trust to him,—however, enough of this subject—Gill is bankrupt, I see, and I suppose will take soon to some other method of living.

Having in a previous letter to Mrs. Whitman denounced Gill as a scoundrel who had destroyed for him all pleasure in the continuance of his work on Poe which he assured his American correspondent he was about to relinquish forever, Ingram promptly reconsiders this rash statement, as his ruling passion is too strong to be checked by either controversy or accusation.

And he writes concerning his hobby: "I have been very unwell since I wrote you—am still so, and have had cares and worries numberless, but the more I have thought it over, the less I feel able to resign the completion of my work. *I must finish my memoir of Poe.* My mind can never rest until it has disburdened itself of the accumulation of ideas it has made on this subject. But I am still willing to take a partner in the work if I could only find anyone in America willing to labour on it as I have laboured here. But I feel that health and everything urge the speedy completion of this work, so I have begun to gather together rapidly the scattered ends of my story. You will be astounded at the immense amount of reliable data I have garnered together."

In his work of discovery Ingram unearthed a number of Poe's poems not before verified, and he was constantly sending to his American correspondent verses which had been submitted to him, or which he had found among the letters submitted, especially by women whose poems Poe had corrected so generously as to make it uncertain whether the poems were his or theirs. The accompanying poem in Ingram's decorative handwriting is an example of some of the verses the author's life of which he was repeatedly considering.

SKETCH OF INGRAM BY A YOUNG AMERICAN ARTIST IN LONDON. 1876

Being a poet himself of some little merit, Ingram also forwarded for the inspection of his Providence friend, many of his own poems, some of which were published under his pen name, "Dalton Stone"; his early poems showing very strongly the influence of his hero, Poe.

Ingram's wrath was especially stirred by a slighting remark of Gill's to the effect that he was "merely a clerk in a public office," and he exclaims to Mrs. Whitman, "Are Americans generally so ignorant? . . . It is a well-known fact that our leading scientific and literary men are in the Civil Service. Herschel, Professor Owen, Sir Arthur Helps, W. Rossetti, are or were

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in Civil Service. A. Trollope and Yates were in the same department as myself. A clerkship in our Civil Service is permanent, and is indicative of a certain amount of influence and *education.*"

When Eugene L. Didier published his *Memoir of Poe,* he also came in for a literary thrashing from Ingram, whom he repaid by pointing out that while "everybody knows who discovered America, few people know who discovered Edgar Allan Poe, but this discoverer is an Englishman, namely John H. Ingram."

Ingram's debt to Mrs. Whitman was voiced by him after her death in 1878, when he wrote to the London *Athenæum,* on whose staff he then served:

> This is no improper moment for me to acknowledge that to Mrs. Whitman's unwearying kindness and coöperation is due a considerable portion of the data upon which my vindicatory *Memoir of Poe* is based. Toward affording a clearer impression of her great countryman's character, she furnished me with the whole of the romantic history of her engagement with Poe, the causes of the rupture of the engagement and the poet's correspondence with her, only stipulating that this latter should not be published during her lifetime.
>
> Of Mrs. Whitman's noble character and private worth and of her many endearing qualities there is no room here to speak; a worthy and enduring monument of them, it is to be trusted, will be afforded by a suitable record of her life. Her literary correspondence was large and there is good reason to believe was carefully preserved, so that when her *Memoir* is published much of interest and novelty may be expected.

Among the literary remains of Ingram, now coming upon the market, this lady's letters must prove an interesting item.

In the unheralded passing of this eccentric but scholarly Englishman, the world of letters loses one of the last of those picturesque figures who plunged heart and soul into a controversy which has to-day so slight interest for the average reader, yet because of Ingram and his fellow-enthusiasts, permanent literature will surely be enriched, and reliable data concerning Poe and his epoch placed forever on record.

EDGAR ALLAN POE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

BY J. H. WHITTY

THERE remain no incidents in the life of Edgar Allan Poe better known than the published episodes at Bransby's Manor House School, located in the London suburb, Stoke Newington, England. All biographers of Poe have drawn their conclusions of his early life abroad almost entirely from his tale of "William Wilson," taking it for granted that Poe's descriptions of Schoolmaster Bransby and of the Manor House School were real, instead of fiction. The fact is, that this was the only thread the earlier Poe writer had in sight out of which to weave any story.

Where Poe told so much, some suspicion might have been excited, for it was not his way to enter into minute particulars of his life. That later on he briefly wrote in a memorandum intended for "Griswold's Poets," that his five years' stay about London was spent at the Bransby school, was more like Poe's methods. It was hardly to be expected, under the circumstances, however, that Poe would have mentioned a small London boarding-school, or a stay for school in Scotland, when writing for public effect, and with limited space at his command.

In his tale of "William Wilson," Poe

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styles the schoolmaster, "Doctor" Bransby, but recent investigation fails to reveal such an academical degree for Bransby. The description of the Manor House School is drawn along ideal lines in Poe's own imagination, and so good an English authority as the late Mr. Ingram, Poe's biographer, was led into error. His picture of the Bransby school building, published in his biography of Poe, has recently been shown to be the former dwelling of a well-known banker named Twells, instead of where Poe went to school. The portrait of Mr. Bransby in Gill's and other biographies of Poe have also proven spurious. A portrait of Bransby at an advanced age, however, exists and is in circulation. As Poe introduced Bransby, the schoolmaster, in his tale of "William Wilson," likewise he has apparently taken his early London schoolmistress for a character in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," giving her real name of Pauline Dubourg. The records among the Ellis and Allan manuscripts, in the Library of Congress, now show that Poe's time spent at Bransby's school dates only from the latter years of his residence abroad, or from the autumn of 1817 until the summer of 1820, when he returned to America. Other records there also show that he attended a small London school kept by Miss Dubourg, located on the site of No. 146 Sloane Street, adjoining which now stands the Holy Trinity Church. Poe was a pupil there from about April, 1816, until probably early in December, 1817. This leaves a hiatus in his school history of several months during the latter part of the year 1815 and a brief period early in the year 1816.

It must have been some time during one of these periods that Poe went for a short stay to the old grammar school at Irvine, Scotland, in which John Allan, his patron, had been a pupil, and where all his sons afterward attended school.

The story of Poe's Scotland visits has never been told until now. It has hitherto been a mooted question whether Poe ever crossed over into Scotland from England. But there can no longer remain any doubts upon that point. Poe went to Scotland, and was there a sufficient length of time for his visits to leave vivid marks of remembrance upon his memory of that classic region of which so many scenes and incidents are sketched with truth and beauty.

Who now knows but that the whisper of genius came into Poe's soul in the land of Burns? If not Scotland, it must have been England, for the leaven had already risen when he arrived home in America. It has been well said that "true genius is a mind of large powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction."

Among the English poets, Cowley, Milton, and Pope, might be said to "lisp in numbers," and have shown such early proof, not only of powers of language, but of comprehension of other things, as to more tardy minds seem scarcely credible. Cowley had a volume of his poems printed in his fifteenth year, and Poe's first book of verse appeared when he was eighteen. There is sufficient evidence, however, to show that Poe while yet at school, seven years previous to the publication of his poems, was writing poetical compositions.

The confusion shown by biographers in the early events of Poe's life is now being gradually cleared away, and with newly discovered facts the future biographer of Poe may be able to point out with accuracy, like in Cowley's case, the circumstances that produced the particular designation of Poe's mind.

That Poe's mind was charmed and centred at an early age on some one of the earlier writers seems almost certain. Among the new discoveries is a letter written by John Allan, and dated October 15, 1815, in which he pictures Poe, then but six years of age, sitting before a snug fire in their London home, reading a story book.

There are also recent new records showing Poe, while a mere stripling, and

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before his advent into the world of letters, with copies of Goldsmith, and Byron at his elbow trying to cheer his disconsolate spirits, which were much disheartened by enforced work in Ellis and Allan's establishment at Richmond, Virginia, as a salesman of "calicoes and dimities." It is now clear from Allan's letters that Poe arrived at Liverpool the latter part of the year 1815, and with the Allan family proceeded at once to Scotland, to visit the Allan relatives. While the visit was partly one of pleasure, Allan was about to establish a London commission house, with tobacco as a main staple, and there were important connections to be made in Scotland.

The first journey was to Irvine, Ayrshire, the birthplace of John Allan, where Poe and the family stopped with a spinster sister of Allan's named Mary Allan. There were other near relatives of the Allans in Irvine named Galt. Among them was James Galt, then about fifteen years old, who came to America with the Allan family when they returned home. He settled in Virginia, and was afterward John Allan's executor and the progenitor of the well-known family of Goldsboroughs of Maryland. He lived to a ripe old age, and a son named after Allan, Major John Allan Galt, not so long deceased, has left interesting unpublished reminiscences of his father, which also throw new light upon Poe's early career.

Irvine is a seaport, twenty-three miles southeast of Glasgow, and has a present population of upward of five thousand. At the time of Poe's visit the town differed somewhat from the present day. An idea of Old Irvine, and how it looked at the period of Poe's visit, may be had from the accompanying illustration shown here, in which is to be seen the house where John Allan was born in 1780. This house faced the High Street, the main thoroughfare of the town, and was also the Kirkgate, an old rambling street leading to the Parish church. This locality remains practically the same as in Allan's day. In one of the houses on the opposite side of the street to the Allan house was born Henry Eckford, who constructed the American Navy during the War of 1812. Not far distant was the Blue Bell tavern, and upon its steps stood the town crier twice a week, who after tapping his old-fashioned drum, read aloud the news-letter, just arrived with the coach, for the benefit of the motley crowd about him.

At the head of the old Kirkgate was the ancient grammar school, where Allan was educated with John Galt, the novelist, father of the Kailyard School, and Henry Eckford. The school was famous in its day, and the masters had many pupil boarders from America. Within its confines Poe's stay must have been brief. The school was a continuation of the Pre-Reformation School in connection with the Church, with which it was no doubt coeval.

The Kirk was there in 1205, but for how long before is not known. James VI, of Scotland, by a deed of June 8, 1572, granted to the magistrates and community of Irvine certain revenues belonging to the Church for the support of a school to be called "The King's Foundation of the School of Irvine." This was continued until July, 1816, when a new Academy was erected.

It was John Allan's early hopes to have Poe remain there while abroad for his education, but his wife demurred, and Poe was also opposed to being left so far away from the family. James Galt expected to go to London at a later date, so it was arranged that he was to bring back Poe to Irvine for school.

Nearly opposite to the Allan house stood, as may be seen in the print, the old Townhouse and Tollbooth, now removed. James Montgomery, the Christian poet, was a native of Irvine, but left for the Morvia school at Falmouth, Yorkshire, shortly before Allan was born. Only a few doors from the Allan house was the printing office and bookshop of David Macmillan, the founder of the well-known publishing house of that name. He served his apprentice-

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IRVINE, SCOTLAND. SHOWING HOUSE WHERE JOHN ALLAN WAS BORN

ship under the erratic publisher, Maxwell Dick. Judge Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's School Days,* in his life of David Macmillan refers to the town of Irvine.

In this same square was Templeton's book-shop, where Burns, the poet, delighted to browse among old sheets of song. It was in the year 1781 that Burns went to Irvine to learn flax dressing, and the old shop stands within a stone's throw of where Allan was born. It was two years later that the strange sect, The Buchanites, arose at Irvine. Elspeth Simpson Buchan believed that she was the woman of Revelation xii, in whom the light of God was restored to man. The sect was expelled a year later, and became extinct in 1848. John Galt, the novelist, whose writings, by the way, are becoming more in vogue, in his autobiography tells that he followed the erratic crowd, till his mother brought him back by the "lug of the horn." Galt's well-known book, *Annals of the Parish,* is taken from old Irvine, and the parish minister of Galt's day mentioned the town "as dry and well aired, with one broad street running through it from the southeast. On the south of the river, but connected with the town by a stone bridge, there was a row of houses on each side of the road, leading to the harbour. These were mostly of one story with finished garrets and occupied by seafaring people. To the northwest of the town there was a commonty of three hundred acres of a sandy soil and partly covered with whin and broom."

The town of Irvine in the seventeenth and succeeding century was a port of some consequence, being at these periods the third port in Scotland and port for Glasgow, goods being transferred to and from Glasgow on pack horses. In the days of the so-called Tobacco Lords, it did a considerable trade to America, and it was the ambition of the town lads to fill a position in Virginia. With the rise of Greenock, and Port Glasgow the trade gradually left Irvine. In the earlier days Irvine was a veritable "Sleepy Hollow" for smugglers, and filled with retired shipmasters.

In an illustration here is shown the river Irvine, and on the rise the parish church. Alongside the church is the graveyard, in which all the Allan ancestors are buried. The Allan section adjoins that of "Dainty Davie," the friend of Burns. The first graveyard Poe probably ever entered was the his-

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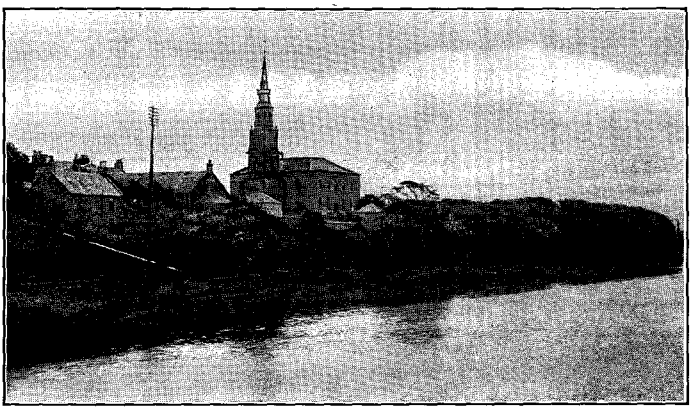

PARISH CHURCH AND RIVER, IRVINE

toric St. John's at Richmond, Virginia, where Patrick Henry delivered his patriotic speech, and where Poe's mother is buried. The Irvine churchyard was the second, and the third, Shockoe Cemetery, at Richmond, Virginia, where pleasant legends relate he kept vigils during his youth with the spirit of his first Helen.

"Of all melancholy topics," Poe once asked himself, "what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy?" "Death," was the obvious reply.

There was much about this old Scotch kirkyard to inspire Poe with awe, and with his love for the odd; the rhyming tombstones, and the "dregy," or lengthy funeral services must have left lasting impressions on his mind. The epitaphs on the tombstones hereabouts are most original, and in the olden time the grammar school scholars are said to have been required to write them out for their examinations. Here is a sample, vouched for by Galt, which may have met with Poe's gaze:

> A lovely Christian, spouse, and friend,
> Pleasant in life and at her end—
> A pale consumption dealt the blow
> That laid her here with dust below.

In Irvine, near the printing office of Maxwell Dick, was a house where Dr. Robertson, "the poet preacher," lodged. Here one day the well-known writer, De Quincey, came from Glasgow to visit him, but unfortunately the genial doctor was out. The canny Scots landlady took De Quincey, with a suspicious-looking volume he usually carried under his arm, for a tramp book-canvasser, and would not permit him to come in and await Robertson's return. De Quincey in high dudgeon returned to the station and took the first conveyance back to Glasgow. On the way to and from the station De Quincey had to pass the house where Poe stopped.

In this connection it might be recalled that Poe later on proved an admirer of De Quincey, whose declamatory interpolations may be detected in his writings, especially in the tale of "William Wilson."

While in Irvine, Poe lived at the Bridgegate house, shown in the illustration. It was a two-story tenement dwelling owned by the Allan family. It was taken down about thirty years ago to make room for a street improvement. At the time of Poe's visit it was occupied by Mary Allan, who afterward removed to the Seagate house, which had been previously tenanted by Dr. John MacKenzie, the friend of Burns, and who is reputed to have been a connection of William MacKenzie, of Richmond, Virginia, into whose family Poe's sister Rosalie was adopted.

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BRIDGEGATE HOUSE, IRVINE

The next visit made by Poe in Scotland was to Kilmarnock, about seven miles distant from Irvine. He remained at that town about two weeks, and while there stopped with another of Allan's sisters, named Agnes, but called Nancy, who married a nurseryman, named Allan Fowld. The site of the old nursery is now Fowld, Clark and Prince Streets. In the illustration shown herewith the smaller of the two houses was Fowld's, where Poe lived. The house stood on Nelson Street, on the present site of the building occupied by the Kilmarnock *Standard;* and opposite was the Townsend house, occupied by a family named Gregory, who perfectly remembered the visit of John Allan and his family, and little Edgar Allan Poe. In the rear of the Nelson house ran the grounds of Kilmarnock House, the residence of Lord Kilmarnock, executed for his share in the '45 Rebellion. There stands near by a large grove of trees, and a beautiful walkway, where the Lord's widow passed much of her time after his death. Here is also what was afterward called the Ghosts' Walk, and there it is said the Lord's widow might be seen after sundown in her pensive perambulations, alone, and again in company with her murdered husband. No doubt Poe heard of this incident, and perchance looked himself for what they called the "Allagrugous bawsy-broon," or the ghastly, grim hobgoblin.

Nelson Street extended by a crooked lane to the cross of Kilmarnock, in the croon of which was the shop where Burns's first edition of his poems was issued, a copy of which now fetches about two thousand dollars. There are relics of Burns's still exhibited by the town, which was once also noted for its manufacture of Kilmarnock cowles.

One end of Nelson Street led to the old Irvine road, and a number of visits to and from Irvine were made by Allan during his stay, on which occasions Poe invariably accompanied him. The old red riding carts, then abounding about Irvine and Kilmarnock, with their creaking wheels, are said to have had a special attraction for Poe. He was most happy in one of them, sitting alongside of the driver, usually attired in a coarse woollen cloth "green duffle apron," and thick nap "red Kilmarnock cap."

Close to the Fowld house in Kilmarnock lived William Anderson, an intimate neighbour of the family. His son, James Anderson, died December 26,

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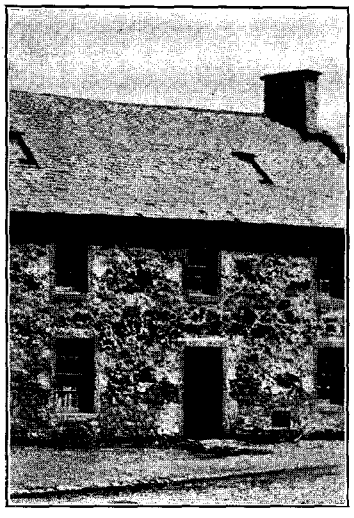
1887, aged eighty-four years. In early life he was an accountant in the Union bank and for a long period auditor for the corporation of Kilmarnock, as well as chairman of the Bellford Trust. He had vivid recollections of Poe's visit to Kilmarnock and spoke with pride of having played in the streets of the town with Poe. He recalled Poe as "much petted by the Allans, and a 'curmudgeon,' or forward, quick-witted boy,



THE FOWLD HOUSE, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND, WHERE POE STAYED

but self-willed." A portrait of Anderson is preserved in the art gallery of the Dick Institute at Scotland.

Poe went from Kilmarnock with the Allan family to Greenock, situated on the Clyde. There remains a letter of Allan's written from there September 21, 1815, in which he says: "Edgar says, 'Pa, say something for me; say I was not afraid coming across the sea.'" The family with Poe went from Greenock to Glasgow, thence to Edinburgh, and also called at New Castle and Sheffield, as mentioned in a letter of Allan's, dated Blake's Hotel, London, October 10, 1815, where he arrived on the 7th, and wrote also of the attractions of the Scotland trip as "high in all parts."

Among Poe's boyhood journeys no other scenes could have left deeper impressions on his young mind than what he saw and heard in Scotland. In a land so full of the oldentime and among people so enthusiastically devoted to their "ain mither-land" and full of reverence for "days o' auld syne," it is but natural that lasting impressions would be left on his memory. He might well have said:

> Old tales I heard of wo or mirth,
> Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
> Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
> Of patriots' battles, won of old,
> By Wallace wight and Bruce bold.

When Poe published his tale, the "M. Valdemar Case," a druggist at Stonehaven, Scotland, named Alexander Ramsay, to make sure the story was true, wrote a letter to Poe. This letter of Ramsay's to Poe has been published, but no reply of Poe's has ever appeared in print until now. The writer found a relative of Ramsay's still occupying the old Stonehaven warehouse. He had many of his relative's old letters, but none from Poe. The search, however, was continued and finally the reply from Poe was found with another relative in the same town. This letter is now first published, and is interesting in connection with this story of Poe's Scotland visits. It reads:

NEW YORK, December 30, '46.

DEAR SIR: Hoax *is* precisely the word suited to M. Valdemar Case. The story appeared originally in the *American Review,* a monthly magazine published in this city. The London papers, commencing with the *Morning Post* and the *Popular Record of Science,* took up the theme. The article was generally copied in England and is now circulating in France. Some few persons believe it—but *I* don't—and don't you.

Very Resp'y, yr. Ob. St.,

EDGAR A. POE.

P.S.—I have some relatives, I think, in Stonehaven of the name of Allan, who again are connected with the Allans and Galts of Kilmarnock. My name is Edgar

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Allan Poe. Do you know any of them? If so, and it would not put you to too much trouble, I would like it as a favour if you could give me some account of the family.

To A. Ramsay, Esq.

The postscript to this letter, written at so late a day in Poe's lifetime, in which he claims relationship with the Allans, reads a bit odd. It is said that Poe felt bitterly until the end that Allan should have brought him up, and educated him as an only child, until he had reached the advanced age of fifteen years, and then turn suddenly against him and make him feel a menial instead of a member of his family. This was the view Poe gave to "Mary," his Baltimore sweetheart of the year 1832, who published her recollections in *Harper's Magazine,* many years after Poe's death. Her identity has recently been discovered by Professor Killis Campbell, as a Miss Deveraux, mentioned in the writer's latest, *Complete Poems of Poe.*

She stated that Poe read her a letter from Allan, in which he threatened to disown him if he married her, which would indicate that Allan showed some disposition at that late date to lead Poe to be hopeful for some final recognition. John Allan told his sister, Mrs. Fowld, of Kilmarnock, that he had willed his money to his sisters in Scotland, after providing for his wife during her lifetime and making adequate provisions for Edgar.

It is a curious fact that there are now families named Poe in and about Irvine, Scotland, who claim relationship with Poe, and stranger still that these families, in turn, are also connected with the Allan family. The mother of John Spiers, who presented a statue of Burns to the town of Irvine, was named Poe.

There is reason to believe that Poe must have met John Galt, the novelist, while visiting Scotland. Galt was a connection of John Allan's, and a school companion. There are many persons now in Irvine who have heard the statement handed down from their ancestors, that Edgar Allan Poe, the American poet, was a pupil in the old Irvine grammar school. This is confirmed by James Galt, although the stay of Poe must have been brief. James Galt lived in Irvine while Poe was on his first visit there. It had been the original intention of Allan to leave Poe at the school there for his education. To this Poe and Mrs. Allan did not take kindly. As there were further holiday journeying it was decided to postpone school matters, and allow Poe to finish out the trip with the family, and return later to Irvine with Galt, who had planned to be in London later on.

The exact time of this second trip to Scotland was not mentioned, but there are several gaps in Poe's school record. It is presumed that the visit was toward the close of the year 1815.

There were pleadings from the women folks, as well as Poe, "not to go," when the time for departure for Scotland arrived. It was the opinion, however, that Poe would be better satisfied after settling down, and out of sight of the home folks. The start on the part of Poe was unwilling and Galt said that he kept up "an unceasing fuss all the way over." His foster aunt Mary sent him to the school, but there he sulked, and no manner of coaxing or threats could induce him to enter into any studies. At Miss Allan's home he talked boldly about returning home to England alone, and fearing that he might carry out his threat young Galt, a typical tall highlander, was required to remain there on guard. He slept in the same room with Poe in the Bridgegate house; was impressed with Poe's old-fashioned talk for one so young, and believed that if he had not been restrained, that he would have attempted to make the trip to England alone.

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MEMORIES AND THE LAST MEETING

BY CHARLES VIRGIL TEVIS

It was a gala evening. From the pinnacle of a half century the poet parted the veil of years and lived again each of his steps from boyhood. There was much to brighten the eye and to cause a smile. Oh, the Maytime of life, as a poet can paint it! And there were a few sighs—for things that passed him by and which he saw. But it was a revel—this review, this parade of the selves he had been which he conjured for me out of the bright grate fire.

He began the pictures with one of a red sled. That was in the time when he was but a tad, wondering why his mother called him James while all the boys said Jimmy. Then a red sled was the most important thing in the world to him, for he desired one greatly. Tom and Dick had sleds and they raced on the hill. If Santa Claus—well, he did, and then came the first big moment of Jimmy's life—that race. . . . The hillside limned into the firelight and the poet's cheeks took on a glow like that from a winter wind.

"That was before I reached the stage where I became ambitious," he said, after awhile. "Isn't the fire of ambition in a boy a wondrous thing? . . . I had many visions and planned many plans."

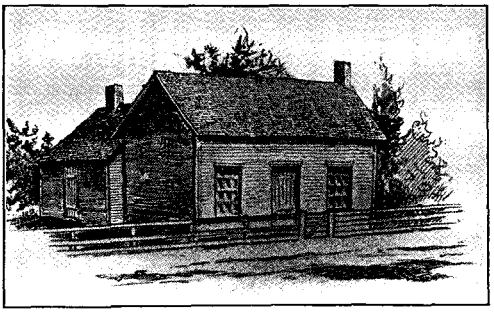
It was art at first—so he pictured. Then the circus—the clown; then the trap drummer in the village band; then the "actor man," and, finally, the newspaper editor.

As a boy he manufactured his own brickdust paint, with which to decorate fences and barns; organised back yard circuses—*"Wasn't it a good time, long time ago—when we all were little tads and first played 'show'!"*; practised the long roll on various kitchen utensils; recited pieces at neighbourhood affairs, and composed little essays and verses on the homely subjects of village life. Boyhood aspirations, these—but attend to the pictures now appearing.

Was it strange to hear him tell of later days when, as an itinerant sign painter, he went up and down the country-side seeking work? Or of the time he laboured long and earnestly with a big bass drum as a part of a gipsyesque medicine show outfit? Or of his efforts on the semi-professional stage (whisper it, barnstorming)? Or of his gradual and almost discouraging entrance into real journalistic work? No. It was not strange. He explained it all very simply.

"I believe I couldn't help myself," he said, with a whimsical smile.

Then, gravely, he drew from me a moral of life which was the more striking because of its structure from the stepping stones of his own experience. He declared that there can be no success in life without happiness, and that happiness may be found in places the world never associates with successful men. One should follow the paths of his better inclination, he said, and follow to that day when he finds his place in Nature where he fits, where there are no unfilled corners. Such a place awaits every man. As the years



THE RILEY BIRTHPLACE

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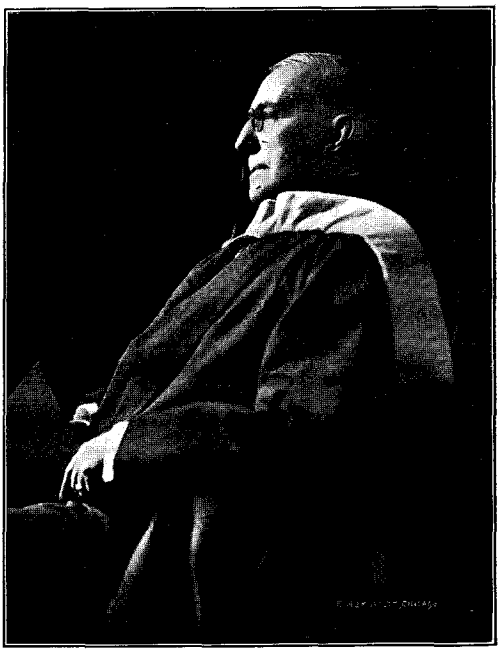
"JIM" RILEY, GOING ON SIX

pass and this place is not found, let him not be dismayed. Let him but be true to himself, and happiness will be his. He *will* find his place, and whether he be then in the eyes of his fellow-men a success or a failure, he will know and feel and be rich far beyond worldly measure.

In brief this outlines the pictures I was given to see and the tales I heard during the first evening's visit I had with James Whitcomb Riley, in his Lockerbie Street home in Indianapolis, in the summer of 1903. The impression of the soul of the man I received then has never left me. I was acquainted with his published works, of course; had delighted in his homely verse stories and felt in my heart the harmony of his measures. I believed that since the genial and versatile Oliver Wendell Holmes had laid aside his pen there had been no poet in America who, in simple, quaint and often humourous way, had written songs that go down into the depths of the heart as did those of Riley. I was as appreciative as any of his great circle of followers of the wide scope of his Muse and of its human and ever healthy tone, whether set to a humourous or pathetic key. As in the work of his glorious Scotch poet-cousin, Burns, I saw in his poems the same wonderful play of the sunshine and shadow of real life. But it was my portion, on this summer evening, to see, for the first time, that it was a man with a heart as young as when a red sled was the big thing in the world to him who played in beautiful rhyme in a simple, quaint and often humourous way with the sunshine and shadow of life.

It was in this year that the poet made his last public appearance as a lecturer. Since the death of Bill Nye, whose friendship Riley treasured jealously, he had not taken kindly to the thought of travel, and especially the uncertain accommodations to be found in strange hotels. I was privileged to see him at his home during this season upon each return from the road, and his laments were frequent and poignant.

"I am convinced that there is an evil influence following me," he complained on one occasion. "And I shall allow it to drive me into seclusion. I cannot get any decent service anywhere, not even



ACADEMIC HONOURS

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good coffee, only more rheumatism. I'm done!"

And he was. The man whom Henry Irving once said would have made the greatest American actor, had he not deserted the boards, was heard no more on the lecture platform. There were

RILEY AS A YOUNG MAN

many over the land who would have seconded the Irving pronouncement. These are endowed with memory pictures of a fascinating evening. Were it "An Impromptu Fairy Tale," in which a little boy does the talking, or as an old man, or a wee girl telling, wide-eyed, of Anne's goblins, or in the rôle of a dreaming youth who "wants to be a soldier," he acted the part, he made the part, and it was not Riley who held the audience spellbound—it was the boy, or the old man, or the little maid, or the earnest youth.

In the months that followed this retirement Indianapolis folk began to see more of Riley, and to hear more from this or that part of the world about the fame which was coming to the Hoosier singer of songs. Unconsciously in their eyes, he assumed a stature of prominence with which they were proud to align their own nativity. Consciously, in their hearts, there grew up a love for the kindly, smiling man who went about their streets. To see a little child stop him, as little children often did, and shyly hand him a flower, and then to see the light in his eyes and hear his soft word—that sufficed. I do not know of any word picture that would better explain the man and his work and what his life meant to the world and to himself.

His days passed tranquilly in the child laughter-haunted Nickum mansion and at his desk in the establishment that published his works. These were not productive days, in unusual measure. He composed slowly, painstakingly, as ever. What he produced was from the same spring of glad thought as his earlier works, with an artist's touch none the less masterful. . . . It was his glorious harvest time.

Then, about five years ago, came his first serious illness. There were apprehensions for his recovery. One of the many he had assisted along the literary way called upon him. He was weak and with difficulty carried on any conversation. The caller spoke of "Amalfi," by Longfellow, Riley's favourite poem. The ailing man smiled. Then it was, "The Song I Never Sing," which the poet considered one of his best productions. When the beautiful opening lines were quoted, he smiled again. "And now," said he, faintly, "my work is finished."

Providence ruled otherwise. After long days there emerged to the routine of life the same Riley—in every element of his being except a minor physical sense. Even though it had become necessary for him to conserve his strength most carefully, expose himself

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to no excitement and all but curtail the work of composition, there was no less sparkle to his wit nor less of the buoyant spirit of youth in his heart. He found new warmth in Florida sunshine and his regular progress to and from the land of flowers became a triumphal course. *En route* hundreds of children acclaimed him, showered him with flowers at his train. They had taken him as their own. And in his willing surrender the poet drank the cup of his greatest joy.

It was during this period that I enjoyed the opportunity of a special long distance interview with him.

In a lengthy letter he pointed toward the same pathway of life he always sang and followed, and painted the same old-new picture of human happiness. I had asked him what was the greatest thing in the world—a word from out the fullness of his years. He quoted from his poem "Exceeding All." Youth!—Could he have given another answer?

"Time does not change humankind and human wants," he had continued. "There are little orphans and swimming holes and ambitious young men who die to-day, just as there used to be and just as there always will be. All our medical science will not be able to prevent orphans, nor our sanitary laws keep boys out of swimming holes. Pray God, though, some day new gentleness, common sense, and understanding may be born which will prevent any future sacrifice of young men on the field of battle!"

Then he gave this word:

"There is virtually no such thing as genius or talent except through perseverance. Any one who will try hard enough can reach any height he aspires to—if it is in the law of Nature for him to fit there."

And added:

"We shall always remain children. 'Except you become as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.'"

Came now his signal triumph. Never before in the history of America has a living poet been honoured as the State of Indiana honoured Riley last October, on the occasion of his birthday. By gubernatorial mandate the day was made a holiday. Flags were ordered raised on all public buildings; the public schools presented Riley programmes; there were

EUGENE FIELD, JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, "BILL" NYE

public receptions in Indianapolis. Indiana set a mark of appreciation of the literary man as a national asset—and Hoosiers were not alone in the homage paid on this day to their most beloved citizen.

The poet appeared at one of the receptions and spoke a few words. He was all but overcome at the outburst of loyal public affection. He saw that, whatever the human soil, his seed of simple verse had flowered effulgently. He surely felt, as well, that, in himself, as a man, he had been taken close to the hearts of his fellows.

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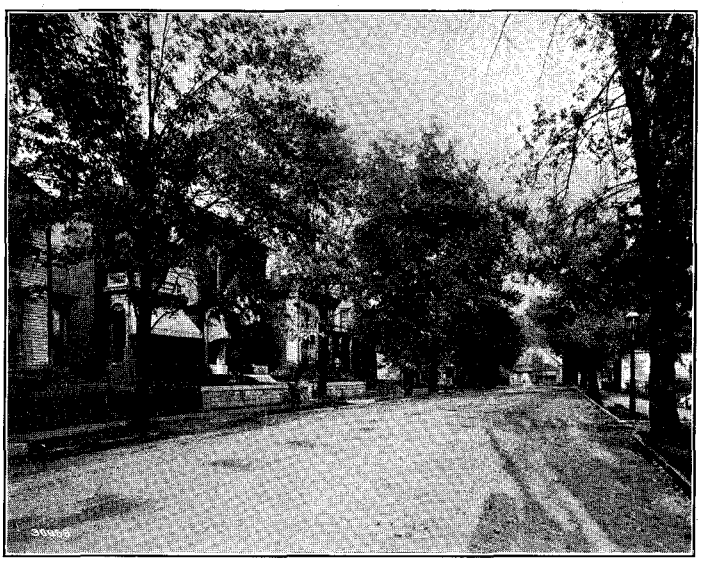

LOCKERBIE STREET

The memory of such an epochal event could never be dimmed by time. Its effect upon the nature of man, some men, would also be readily appreciable. But, in the latter days, one would have looked in vain in the eyes of Riley for a more sophisticated light than that of an ingenuous boy. Nor would one have detected in his enthusiasm over the colourings of a tiger lily a single note false to the spirit of a simple lover of the beautiful.

Thirteen years after that first evening in the poet's reception corner, on the twentieth of last July, two days before his sudden death, I visited him. Nothing in the scene-set was changed. There was even a storm brewing, as there had been in 1903. The poet sat in his same large, easy chair, leaning back against the cushions—only his fingers did not play together across his chest as they once did. One of his hands did not move from the chair arm.

There was an unmistakable physical change. His smile was as warm and his eyes as magnetic as ever. And his mind as keen—and as deliciously vagrant. . . . From the black depths of the grate he recalled a procession of the figures we had studied on that other special occasion. We reviewed the precepts he had given me since then—and framed a new dress for his old message to youth. . . . It was a wonderful hour.

Could he have a few days to think over the word-cut of this new dress? Would I make another visit during the following week?

This picture I shall always have with me:

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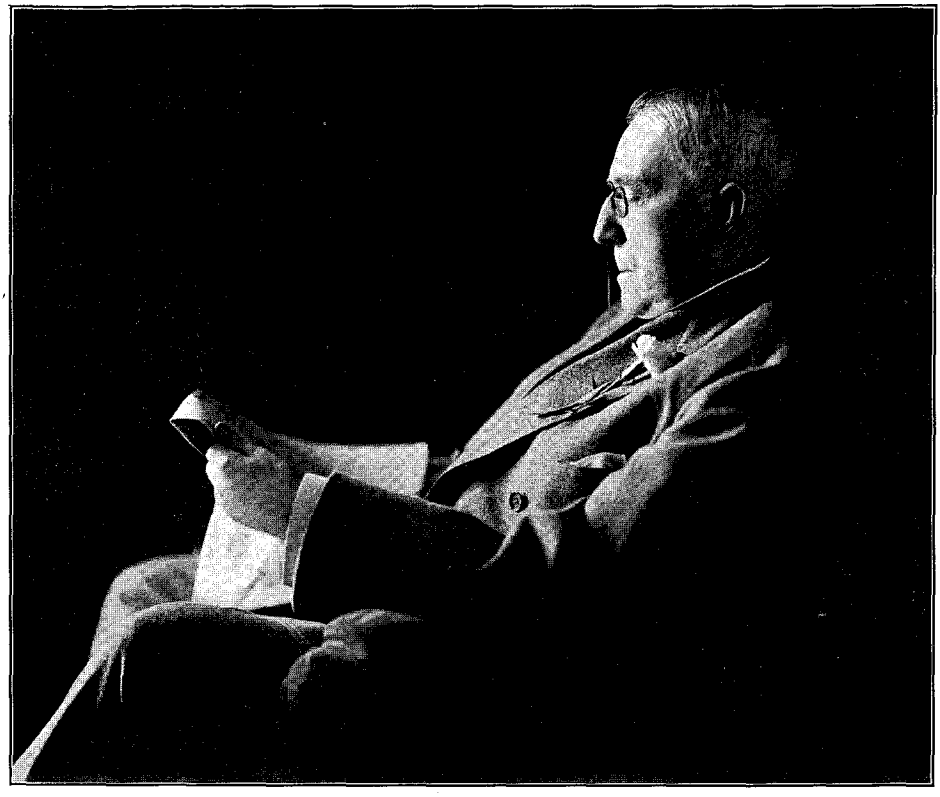

ONE OF THE LAST PORTRAITS

A man of physical burdens and embarrassments, withal one as young and strong in spiritual life as any barefooted country urchin, and as completely attuned to the song of the sun as any lark o' dawn.

Chronicle and Comment

McFee and his Book

Elsewhere in this issue is a paper about William McFee, the author of *Casuals of the Sea*. Here is an epitome of McFee's career. Born at sea in 1881, brought up in the northern suburbs of London, he studied at Bury St. Edmunds, and at eighteen years of age was apprenticed to a firm of mechanical engineers. In 1905 he went to sea in the engine room of a tramp steamer. He had always been ambitious to write, and his first book, *Letters from an Ocean Tramp*, was published in 1908. In 1913 he left the sea for a time and settled down in Nutley, New Jersey, where he wrote *Aliens*. That book won the commendation of a few of the discriminating, but was not widely read. When the Great War broke out, Mr. McFee was in New Orleans in the service of the United Fruit Company. He decided to play his part in the "great adventure," and is now serving as engineer officer on a British transport in the Mediterranean.

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There are those who believe that in William McFee a new Conrad has been

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WILLIAM MC FEE

discovered, and who see in *Casuals of the Sea* the novel of the autumn of 1916. We have read the book, and the fact that we are printing the article about its author is evidence that we have been impressed by its power. Nevertheless, we shall be somewhat surprised if it scores any decided material success. It is likely to take its place on the shelf of those books over which enthusiastic admirers shake their heads despairingly and ask, "Why didn't they go better?" There is a little too much of *Casuals of the Sea* and it is somewhat formless. Of course life is formless, and there is sometimes too much of that, too. Mr. McFee's book has made a decided impression on one of the ablest of living American critics, Mr. James Huneker. Mr. Huneker, writing in the New York *Sun,* pays tribute to McFee's knowledge, not only of the sea, but of the land.

He takes you to Italian restaurants in Soho, where the food costs eighteen pence

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and the wine any price you wish. He knows the ballets at the Empire and soars to verbal virtuosities in describing them, very much as did Robert Hichens once upon a time in a novel whose name we have forgotten, but whose picture of a Ballet of the Hours is stamped on the memory. Mr. McFee also knows the Far East, where other things besides the dawn come up "like thunder." Best of all, he knows the human heart and its variations. This makes him free to the rather restricted circle of young English writers of current fiction.

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Padraic Colum

Another young Irish playwright and poet will be introduced in this country this autumn when Little, Brown and Company publish Padraic Colum's *The Fiddler's House; The Land* and *Thomas Muskerry*. Padraic Colum was born in one of the Midland Irish counties at the end of 1881, and he grew up in one of the small towns. His literary beginnings are connected with *The United Irishman,* the journal that was edited by the founder of the Sinn Fein movement and with the foundation of the Irish National Theatre. He belonged to the original group that formed the Theatre and his Irish plays were written for and produced by the Abbey Theatre Players. The dramatic lyrics in his *Wild Earth* marked a new departure in Irish poetry. One critic has said that Colum is just as surely the Irish poet of the future as Yeats is the poet of the past. His stories are referred to in *Literature in Ireland* as being among the best Irish stories written. He has been editor of the *Irish Review* and has written a book on Irish social conditions called *My Irish Year.* For several years he has been recognised as one of the leaders in the Irish intellectual and literary movement.

PADRAIC COLUM

THREE GENERATIONS. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON, FORMER EDITOR OF "THE CENTURY," OWEN JOHNSON, AND ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON II

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By 1903 Colum had written four plays, one of which, *The Saxon Shilling,* was successful because it was propagandist material. The other three plays, *The Kingdom of the Young, The Foleys* and *Eoghan's Wife,* dealt with

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peasant life in the Irish midlands. In 1905 a play entitled *Broken Soil* was produced at the Abbey Theatre, but it was not satisfactory to the author, so it was withdrawn, revised and produced four years later as *The Fiddler's House*. During the interval he wrote *The Land* (1907), which was the cry for a home and a bit of land. It was his ambition, he confesses in his preface to *Thomas*

MARGARET FULLER, THE FORMER SECRETARY OF EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, WHO HAS WRITTEN IN "A NEW ENGLAND CHILDHOOD" THE STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE POET-BANKER

Muskerry (1910), to write in dramatic form a *comédie humaine* of Irish life. The latter play tells of the fortunes of poor old Thomas Muskerry, who dies a pauper in the workhouse, where he was once master. These three plays are said to represent Colum at his best. As Professor Weygandt in his *Irish Plays and Playwrights* has pointed out, Colum's chief themes are love of land, of woman and of adventure.

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The R. H. Davis Trail

Elsewhere in this issue we are reprinting Mr. William Harley Porter's "Mr. Davis and the Real Olancho," which identifies the Valencia of *Soldiers of Fortune* with Santiago de Cuba. Mr. Davis was quite ready to admit that Mr. Porter had been entirely correct in his guess. But it was not merely on this side of the Atlantic that the author of *Soldiers of Fortune* laid definite claim to certain cities and city streets. There was a Richard Harding Davis London and a Richard Harding Davis Tangier, just as there was a Richard Harding Davis New York. Two of his tales, *The Exiles* and *The King's Jackal,* dealt very vividly with the quaint Moroccan seaport that faces Gibraltar. As you climb the narrow winding main street you are in the footsteps of Holcombe and Meakin and Carrol; or of King Louis, and Prince Kalonay, and the Countess Zara. The Hotel Albion and the Hôtel Grande Bretagne of the two stories are in reality the Continental and the Villa de France.

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London was conspicuous in several of Mr. Davis's stories. There was "The Lion and the Unicorn." The scene of that story was laid in 89 Jermyn Street, the narrow old-fashioned street running from Haymarket to St. James. The character and shop of "Prentiss the Florist" was in reality "Floris, Perfumer to her Majesty the Queen."

"In the Fog" was full of descriptions of various London points. The Grill Club, "the club the most difficult of access in the world," was in reality the Beefsteak Club. In the large room there the story began and ended. But between beginning and end the reader was taken to Rutland Garden, opposite Knight's Bridge Barracks, Trevor Terrace, St. George's Hospital, Trafalgar

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Square, and Whitehall. The London chapters of *The Princess Aline* introduced "Browne's Hotel and Cox's." Also Buckingham Palace. "An Unfinished Story" was related in a dining-room of a West End residence, through the windows of which one stepped out on a balcony overlooking Park Lane.

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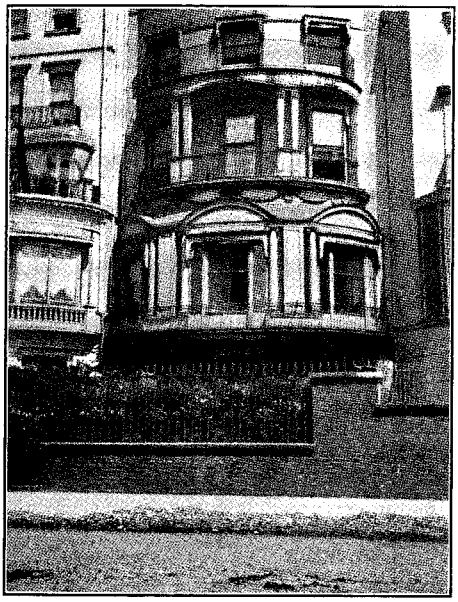
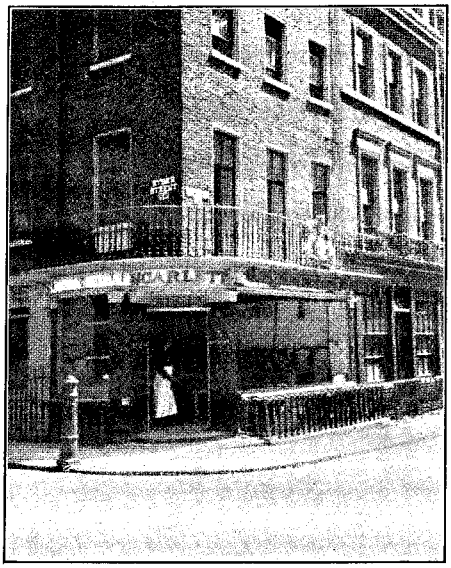


THE PARK LANE HOUSE OF MR. DAVIS'S "AN UNFINISHED STORY"

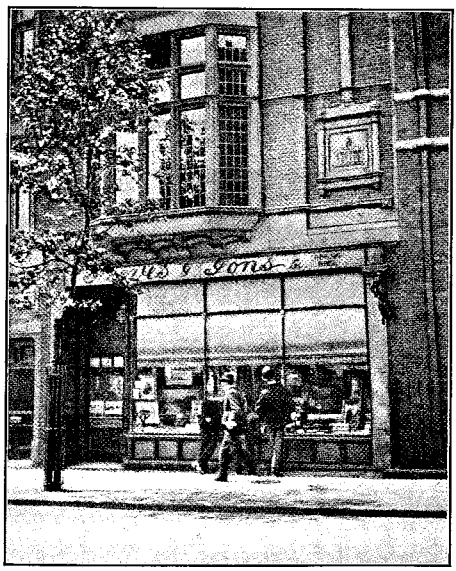
Strange Opinions

In the magazine section of the New York *Times* for July 23d there appeared an interview with Katharine Fullerton Gerould, written by Joyce Kilmer, which has elicited considerable comment. What Mrs. Gerould had to say concerned the short story in general, and the inevitable limitations of the American novel. But the impression that most readers of the interview took away was one of disparagement of the work of O. Henry, which, we think, was not just what Mrs. Gerould meant. "She calls him a pernicious influence," records Mr. Kilmer, who goes on to quote: "I hear O. Henry is being used



89 JERMYN STREET, THE SCENE OF MR. DAVIS'S "THE LION AND THE UNICORN"

in the schools and colleges. I hear that he is being held up as a model by critics and professors of English. The effect of this must be pernicious. It cannot but be pernicious to spread the idea that



THE "GRILL CLUB" OF MR. DAVIS'S "IN THE FOG" WAS DRAWN FROM THE "BEEFSTEAK CLUB" IN CHARING CROSS ROAD

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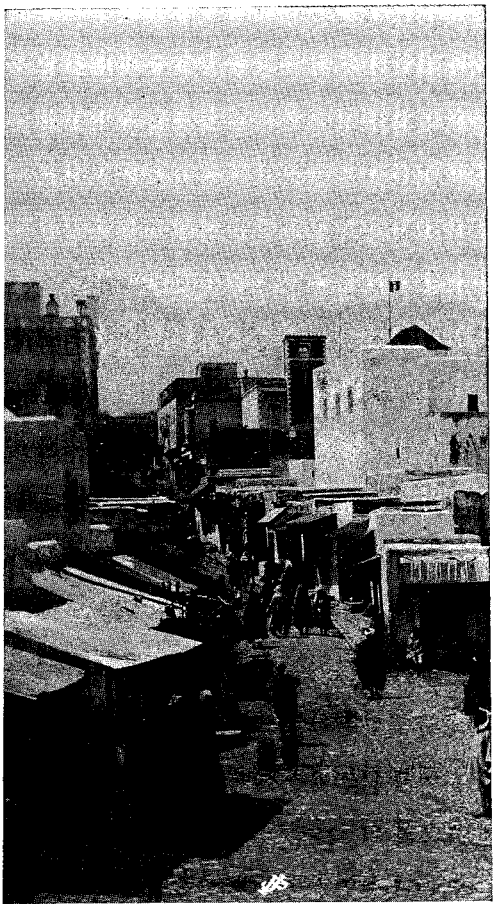

THE MAIN STREET OF TANGIER OF MR DAVIS'S "THE EXILES" AND "THE KING'S JACKAL"

O. Henry is a master of the short story. O. Henry did not write the short story. O. Henry wrote the expanded anecdote. In a short story there are situation, suspense, and climax. O. Henry gives the reader climax—nothing else."

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Now we are not quite ready to believe that Mrs. Gerould thinks that a liking for O. Henry is in itself pernicious, or that the use of his stories in colleges and schools is likely to work much harm. We prefer to think that she considers the danger may lurk in accepting O. Henry as the one master, and his form as the one form, to the exclusion of everyone else. Read and admire O. Henry as much as you like provided you do not forget that before O. Henry were Poe, and de Maupassant, and Bret Harte, for original as Porter

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was, he had read widely of the works of other men and occasionally showed himself subject to their influence. Mrs. Gerould holds up Maupassant by way of contrast. Was there ever a tale more in the vein of Maupassant than O. Henry's "The Furnished Room"? "Thimble, Thimble" was, to use Porter's own words, "borrowed from *The Lady or the Tiger* of the late Frank R. Stockton." Again Mrs. Gerould contends that in the very shortest of Maupassant's stories you find the people etched in so clearly that you know them; you know how they would act whatever extraneous conditions might enter. "But," she says, "you do not find this to be the case in O. Henry's stories; you know how the people acted in one set of circumstances, but you have no idea how they would act at any other time."

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If we were inclined to be impolite we should say that Mrs. Gerould invites the suspicion that her knowledge of neither Maupassant nor O. Henry is profound. In other words she seems to have forgotten all but the very best of Maupassant and merely to have nibbled here and there at O. Henry. There are certain of de Maupassant's stories—"Les Bijoux," "La Parure," "Le Pardon,"—we might extend the list to include twenty or thirty titles—which have everything that the short story should have. In a few hundred words Maupassant not only builded up a vast tragic edifice, but so drew the characters that they can never be forgotten. But on the other hand there are scores of his tales which are nothing more than expanded anecdotes. The O. Henry short story, Mrs. Gerould is quoted as saying, has neither situation nor suspense—only climax. How about "A Municipal Report"? Are there not situation and suspense there? And does not the figure of the grim old negro servitor, sprung from a race of Zulu kings, stand out in the memory? Certainly there were situation and suspense in "A Retrieved Reformation," from which story of perhaps twenty-five hundred words was made the play called *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. Has Mrs. Gerould read "A Black Jack Bargainer," or "Mammon and the Archer," or "The Defeat of the City," or "The Fifth Wheel," or "The Shamrock and the Palm," or "The Gift of the Magi," or "The Duplicity of Hargraves," or "Next to Reading Matter," or "The Last Leaf," the last two suggestive respectively of Cyrano de Bergerac and an episode in Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohême?* With full recognition of the decided talent of the author of *Vain Oblations* we contend that Mr. Kilmer's interview shows Mrs. Gerould as a person given to the expression of snapshot judgments or of certain very definite limitations.

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More Authors' Letters

A few months ago we were telling of Mr. Stewart Edward White's annihilation at the hands of a correspondent who had read *Gold* and who objected to a part of it. In the course of the book Mr. White naturally had much to say of the various political figures of California in the early pioneer days. Of one man who played a part in the State's history he said nothing positively unpleasant, but was obliged to bring out the fact that he had been a person of no particular strength and importance. A short time after the appearance of the book Mr. White received a vituperative letter from a descendant of the man in question. The descendant announced that he intended to hold the author personally responsible for all that had been written. Mr. White replied soothingly, suggesting that his correspondent had better first hold responsible Josiah Royce, Bancroft, and other historians, further pointing out that a morning in the Sacramento library would prove that no injustice had been done. Back came the reply: "I care not what the pages of history may say. I am an exponent of the old Southern chivalry, and

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have nothing but contempt for the *canaille.*"

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A stranger once favoured Miss Carolyn Wells with his preconceived notion of her work:

I picture thus the manner of your average day. You wake. "Ha," you say, "to-day will I write much nonsense. I will sit at my big desk and jungle a few lines—just enough to keep in practice. Then I will dash off a burlesque novel, a short story for girls, a shorter story for boys, write divers letters to members of the Mermaid Club, call on Mrs. Prunes who has a lovely kitten, browse at the bookshops and lunch at the club. Afterward I will call on seven hundred and eighty thousand publishers and leave each a few manuscripts. By that time I must run to the matinée. Then I will have tea with Oliver Herford and talk over the illustrations for the forthcoming ninety-four books, then I will catch the 5:22 ferry from the Twenty-third Street station and go home to Rahway.

Many of Miss Wells's unknown correspondents resort to verse. Here is a Western sample:

Carolyn Wells, with Yours Truly, to wit: with me
You have done well, for you've made a big hit with me;
Westernly speaking, you surely are It with me,
Humour incarnate, whose friendship dispels
Cares of this world and reflections how sad it is!
Yours is a spirit that makes me feel glad it is
Saturday, so I can scribble. Though bad it is
What is the difference, Carolyn Wells?
This my reality—
Nonsensicality—
Your immortality—
Our cap and bells.
'Nuf of this rot to-day,
More again—not to-day.
It's too—wow! HOT to-day
Carolyn Wells.

Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams believes that he has been accused of the theft of plots as often as the average writer, invariably by some aspiring genius who has not yet attained print, but who seems to suspect him of having read his or her mind through some process of telepathy. Also the postman has brought him letters from the usual legion of would-be collaborators, fecund of world shaking ideas, who prove their worth by enclosing a specimen of home-made literature, usually a letter to the local paper signed "Pro Bono Publico" and invite him to take their Great Idea, furnish the setting, and divide the profits. Once, following the publication of *The Mystery,* Mr. Adams and Stewart Edward White were invited to join an expedition, free of charge, for the locating of the island whereon had been discovered the wonderful radio-active substance described in the story. "White," says Mr. Adams, "being notoriously a fireside loiterer, declined to go. Thus I lost my chance of untold riches." Possibly as curious a letter as Mr. Adams ever received was from a spirit; at least she said that she was a spirit. He had written a short story of a *revenant* who came back to his old room at Hamilton College and foregathered on the campus with his old love of a century back. It was published in the *American Magazine* and thus came to the eyes of the spirit correspondent. She wrote at great length and with much particularity to prove that she was none other than the long dead girl in the tale, and expressed surprise and gratification at having been identified, living under another name and considerably changed conditions after all the years. Further she suggested that owing to her Environment in this Sphere it was inadvisable that she and the author should meet, but that the cipher employed in the story proved that they were on the same Soul-Plane and that in some succeeding Elevation they would surely come together.

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Varied have been the missives that

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have found their way into the letter box of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice. One old colonel in Texas claimed the author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* as his long lost daughter; two unknown gentlemen wished to marry her, one giving as his credentials that he was "a well bilt man not given to the use of licker." An old lady in Chicago wrote that she was deaf and dumb and asked the author to send her a book. Mrs. Rice did so with the disconcerting result that she wrote back saying that she did not like it at all and would Mrs. Rice please send another one. Perhaps the most amusing letter Mrs. Rice has ever received was from a little girl. A stamp was gummed tightly at the top of the page and below was written:

DEAR MRS. RICE: Please send your autograph. Don't do like Richard Harding Davis and Mary E. Wilkins. They stole my stamp.

• • •

A story in Zona Gale's series *The Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre* was published a number of years ago in *Everybody's* and told of a night when the two old people because of their niece's illness, had with them all night her little baby. The baby kept reminding them of their own, dead years before; and when the baby cried, and would not be comforted, they went quite desperately down to the kitchen, warmed milk, and gave it to the child. A letter came to the author from the young mother of a baby in a middle Western town. She said something like this: "I thought it was my duty to write to you before you lead other young mothers astray. Do you not know that in your story, 'The Baby,' you are in danger of doing this? Do you not know that pure cow's milk for babies is poison? It should be modified always before it is fed to them. Do you not know that the baby should be fed from alternate bottles, carefully sterilised? Do you not know that the baby should be fed only at regular intervals?" There was more. Miss Gale thanked her, and when she used the story in a book, she had the old people think of all the modern things which they must be neglecting and disregard them—for the baby was crying. The reactionary side of everything always has the humour. One of the frankest letters Miss Gale ever received ran as follows:

DEAR MISS GALE: I have to write a paper for our club. I heard you wrote a story on civics. Could you let me take it? I'd like to use it for filling when ideas give out.

And when Miss Gale sent it to her, she said that it did just what she had wanted it to do.

• • •

Albert Bigelow Paine has received various letters from strangers, not only on his own account as the author of *The Bread Line, The Van Dwellers,* and *The Great White Way,* but in his capacity as the official biographer of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens being dead, these latter address themselves to the man whom they considered to be his living representative. Most of them aspire to become Mark Twain's successor in the field of American humour. They usually send samples of their goods—most disheartening puns—a form of wit which Mark Twain positively loathed. At one time, when Mr. Paine was on the staff of *St. Nicholas* he received a letter from a man who wanted to become an editor.

I have been a preacher, and I have also travelled, selling church furniture, and acquired some of the polish that goes with that business. Please let me know if you think I would do for your magazine.

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Jack London has received his share of these letters, but just before he started on his cruise on the *Snark* he was positively deluged with communications from strangers. The prospective journey has been very widely exploited by the newspapers, and every mail brought to the author letters from applicants

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who wished to share the adventurous cruise. Ninety per cent. of the volunteers offered to work in any capacity, and ninety-nine per cent. offered to work without salary. The possession of a "passionate fondness for geography," was the way one applicant expressed the wanderlust that was in him. Another wrote, "I am cursed with an eternal yearning to be always on the move, consequently this letter to you." A third said he wanted to go "because his feet itched." Almost all of the applicants wanted Mr. London to telegraph, at their expense, his acceptance of their services; and quite a number offered to put up a bond to guarantee their appearance on sailing date.

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A number of the applicants seemed to have vague ideas about the work to be done on the *Snark;* as, for instance, the one who wrote: "I am taking the liberty of writing you this note to find out if there would be any possibility of my going with you as one of the crew of your boat to make sketches and illustrations." Several offered to serve, as one of them phrased it, "as assistant in filing materials collected for books and novels." One man gave the following qualifications: "I am an orphan living with my uncle, who is a hot revolutionary Socialist and who says a man without the red blood of adventure is an animated dish rag." Said another: "I can swim some, though I don't know any of the new strokes. But what is more important than strokes, the water is a friend of mine." "If I was put alone in a small boat, I could get her anywhere I wanted to go," was the qualification of a third—and a better qualification than the one that followed, "I have also watched the fish boats unload." The applicants included men and women from every walk in life. Physicians, surgeons, and dentists offered in large numbers to go along and, like all the professional men, offered to go without pay, to serve in any capacity, and to pay, even, for the privilege of so serving.

There was no end of compositors and reporters who wanted to go, to say nothing of experienced valets, chefs, and stewards. Civil engineers were keen on the voyage; "lady" companions galore cropped up for Mrs. London; while Mr. London was deluged with the applications of would-be private secretaries. Fathers and sons wanted to go and many men with their wives. For example: "I thought I would drop you a line of inquiry as to the possibility of making the trip with you, am twenty-four years of age, married and broke, and a trip of that kind would be just what we are looking for." Legion was the young woman stenographer who wrote: "Write immediately if you need me. I shall bring my typewriter on the first train." One applicant who rather puzzled Mr. London said: "I can assure you that I am eminently respectable but find other respectable people tiresome." A touching sacrifice that the author could not accept was: "I have a father, a mother, brothers and sisters, dear friends and a lucrative position, and yet I will sacrifice all to become one of your crew." Another volunteer pointed out that "to go in the ordinary boat, be it schooner or steamer, would be impracticable, for I would have to mix among and live with the ordinary type of seaman, which as a rule is not a clean sort of life." Then there was the young man of twenty-six, who had "run through the gamut of human emotions," and had "done everything from cooking to attending Stanford University," and who, at the time of writing, was "a vaquero on a fifty-five thousand acre range."

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Short Stories

Many of our readers were probably interested in the recent short-story contest held by *Life*. The successful tales are being brought out in book form with an introduction by Mr. Thomas L. Masson, Managing Editor of *Life*. The idea of the contest, Mr. Masson tells us, was first suggested by Mr. Lincoln Steffens,

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who, at a luncheon, propounded the query: "How short can a short story be and still be a short story?" The answer was the competition, in the course of which eighty-one stories were published out of more than thirty thousand received. These tales came from all over the world—from sufferers on hospital cots, from literary toilers in the Philippines, from Europe, Asia, and Africa, and from every State in the Union. One manuscript was sent from a trench at the French front, where the story had been written between hand grenades. "Every kind of story was represented," says Mr. Masson, "the war story and the love story being the leaders. Every kind of writing was represented, from the short compound of trite banalities to the terse, dramatic, carefully wrought out climax. Back of many of these efforts the spectral forms of Guy de Maupassant and O. Henry hovered in sardonic triumph. Tragedy predominated. The light touch was few and far between. But it was still there, as the stories published show."

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Mr. Steffens's query had been in the nature of a challenge, and brevity was the very soul of the contest. A way had to be found of getting the contributors to make their stories as short as possible. But let Mr. Masson explain the method adopted.

First, a limit of fifteen hundred words was placed upon all stories submitted, no story longer than this being admitted to the contest. For each story accepted the contributor was paid, not for what he wrote, but for what he did not write. That is to say, he was paid at the rate of ten cents a word for the difference between what he wrote and fifteen hundred words. If his story, for example, happened to be fifteen hundred words in length, he got nothing. If it was fourteen hundred and ninety words he got one dollar. If there had been a story only ten words long, the author would have received one hundred and forty-nine dollars. To be accurate, the longest story actually accepted for the contest was fourteen hundred and ninety-five words, for which the author received fifty cents, and the shortest was seventy-six words, for which the author received one hundred and forty-two dollars and forty cents.

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Notes on Selma Lagerlöf

Although the formal facts in regard to the life of Selma Lagerlöf are well known to most readers there are intimate little flashes of her own personality and especially of her childhood in a brief essay entitled "Two Predictions," which appears in a collection of material by Miss Lagerlöf which recently appeared in Sweden under the title of *Men and Trolls*. Only one item out of the material in *Men and Trolls* has been translated into English. That is her famous Suffrage speech. The rest of the essays, addresses and short stories are now in the course of translation and will doubtless be issued by Miss Lagerlöf's American publishers. These publishers are now engaged in bringing out Velma Swanston Howard's translation of Miss Lagerlöf's latest novel, *The Emperor of Portugallia,* which was translated a short time ago into French and was referred to in a number of French reviews as the Swedish *Père Goriot,* telling as it does the story of a father's love and sacrifice.

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Miss Lagerlöf's autobiographical essay, "Two Predictions" in *Men and Trolls,* gives a picture of the author's deeply introspective childhood and of her early attempts at writing. Without attempting a translation of this most charming little essay, some of the facts stand out. At the age of nine the little white-haired Selma went to Stockholm, but found it extremely difficult to become accustomed to the city life and to the precocious city children. "I feel stupid and awkward with these smart city children" (using the present tense which is found so frequently in Swedish), "for I talk the homely Vermland dialect. But there are things indescribably wonderful

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in the old house where I stay. For one thing my uncle has a bookcase full of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Then there is the theatre." She goes on to tell that sometimes the uncle would give the old housekeeper a theatre ticket and the old woman would take the little girl and let her stand in front of her during the performance. But it was all pure joy to the future woman winner of the Nobel Prize. "Sometimes I enter a theatre now in foreign lands and feel the old thrill of expectation."

• • •

In the spring the little girl returned to her home and on school holidays played theatre with her brothers and sisters. Their favourite piece was *My Rose of the Forest,* "not," she remarks, "because it is the most interesting, but because it is the simplest and in fact the only one we can present. I have to rehearse them all. We have no prompt book, only my memory to guide us. It is I who with the help of quilts and blankets make the stage and it is I who makes up the actors. I am the only one with any knowledge of all these things." Then she goes on to describe the performance, how the family were the audience, and how she played the dual rôle of heroine and of an old man with long white hair. The little Swedish girl's own yellow hair was rearranged to imitate the locks of the aged man. "From that day I long to write great plays and not to sit on a school-bench and waste my time in composition and arithmetic. At fifteen I have read all the poets in the house and have written my first verse." Here Miss Lagerlöf remarks that she first realised her gift and resolved to become as great as the poets she had read. She had always intended to write novels and plays and now at fifteen she felt that nothing was so desirable as to write great poetry. One evening she felt her power in all its greatness and all that night she lay awake composing verse after verse. But she goes on to say that of all the verses she made at this period there is only one that she remembers or is pleased with. This couplet reads:

Det är så mörkt under der lindarna
Så ångsligt stilla i vindarna.

Roughly translated

It is so dark beneath the lindens
The winds are so ominously still.

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More About Siwash

A volume of stories by the late George Fitch bears the title *Petey Simmons Goes to Siwash.* To be perfectly candid the tales that make up this book are far from being as good as some of the earlier Siwash tales. The vein seems to have been pretty well washed out. The new book contains an introduction by Edmund Vance Cooke. That George Fitch came out of the Middle West Mr. Cooke finds indicative. "The Middle West is the nursery of our literary orchards. Much of its budded stock is transplanted early, but George Fitch came to full fruition in the soil which gave him birth. Here he was born and bred, here he was educated, here he married and reared his family, here he struggled and here he achieved. Born in the small town of Galva, matriculated and graduated at Knox College, Galesburg, and doing the bulk of his life work at Peoria, he may fairly be said to reek of the soil of Illinois." It is hardly necessary to mention, Mr. Cooke goes on to tell us, that Knox College is not Siwash and Siwash is not Knox, but that Knox is appreciative of the Siwash fame is attested by the fact that the real college is to have a chapter room as a memorial to the creator of the fictitious college. Peoria, too, is to have a bronze Fitch tablet for the public library, and Galva, not to be outdone, is planning a monument.

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George Fitch came up through the grind of daily newspaper work, winning his spurs on the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* and the Peoria *Transcript.* He never entirely forsook the newspaper field. At the end of his life his Vest

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Pocket Essays were appearing daily in hundreds of newspapers. But he was more than a journalist, more than a story-teller, he was an American who felt his responsibilities. Though he could ill afford the time from his work he served a term in the Illinois legislature. When he lived in Peoria no public event was quite complete without him. No matter who the visiting guest of the city might be, George Fitch was always put next to him at table, for he could be depended upon to know the guest's "patter" and the difficulties and technicalities of his calling. Facts and figures were Fitch's especial delight and his mind was constantly searching and acquiring in new fields.

THE LYRIC

(With regard to new methods)

BY AGNES LEE

THE shadows have blended.
The neighbours are sighing.
One calls from a doorway:
"The Lyric is dying!"

* * * * *

Now chambered in lamplight
The neighbours are bowed,
They are toiling and weaving.
But they weave her no shroud.

There was dust on her robe,
She had travelled so far;
The shreds of her veil
Had entangled her star.

They have taken her garments
Time-faded and torn,
They ravel the stitches
From patterns outworn.

The Lyric is muted . . .
She seems in a slumber . . .
Yet hark! There's a cadence,—
And out of the umber

Of shadow on shadow,
Of doubts and surmises,
It floats from a doorway.
She wakens! She rises!

New fingers have decked her,
New faith has informed her,
She has tasted new vintage,
And new fires have warmed her.

For the life of her dream-star
Is beauty's own lever.
And she shall go singing
Forth, forth, and forever.

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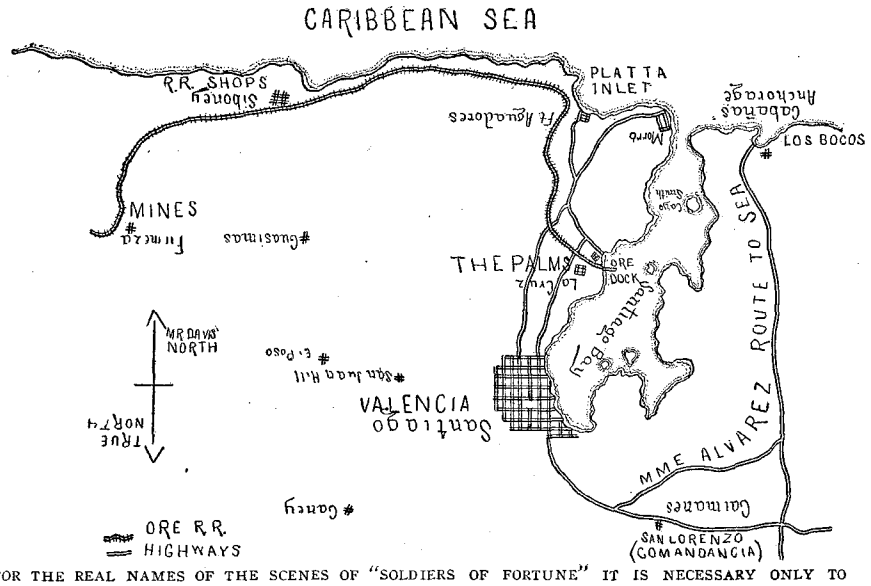

FOR THE REAL NAMES OF THE SCENES OF "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE" IT IS NECESSARY ONLY TO REVERSE THIS MAP

MR. DAVIS AND THE REAL OLANCHO

BY WILLIAM HARLEY PORTER

WHEN, in Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune,* Alice Langham asked her father it he had ever met Robert Clay, his answer placed the scene of the story.

"Very often," he said. "He sails tomorrow to open up the largest iron ore deposits in South America. He goes for the Valencia Mining Company. Valencia is the capital of Olancho, one of the little republics down there."

A little later Mr. Davis confidentially informs his readers that "Olancho, as many people know, is situated on the northeastern coast of South America, and its shores are washed by the main equatorial current."

That the actual scene of the novel has not been widely identified is quite remarkable, for within a year from the beginning of the story in serial form the real name of Valencia was on every one's lips. A brave Spanish fleet sailed from its port to meet a baptism of fire, defeat and death before the guns of Admiral Sampson. American soldiers fought their way to Valencia's gates, and after one of the shortest wars in history, the United States looked on with pardonable pride while her representatives transformed the city—long known for its filth and disease, even in peaceful times—into one of the healthiest and cleanest of tropical ports.

To carry the really striking series of coincidences still farther, it may be said that the line of the little ore railway of the Valencia Mining Company practically marks the extent of the army's operations. Shafter landed the major portion of his forces in front of its shops, and from that point the start was made for the battle of Las Guasimas. For several days the site of the railroad shops marked the base of supplies, and mule trains were loaded there with ammuni-

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tion for the battle of San Juan hill. At the other end of the line, from the balcony of the Palms, Cervera's ships could have been seen swinging at anchor within pistol-shot of where the *Vesta* was moored, and from that coign of vantage, a few days later, a man with a field-glass might have watched the red and yellow flag of Spain flutter down the Palace flagstaff for the last time. For Valencia is Santiago de Cuba, and Olancho only a background of Spanish-American nationality.

So faithfully has the author followed the true lay of the land, that any of the war maps which show the country from Santiago to Siboney may be used to elucidate the story, always bearing in mind the fact that the map must be reversed. Valencia was situated on the northern coast of South America, while Santiago is, of course, on the south coast of Cuba.

The accompanying map gives the title readings for *Soldiers of Fortune* in capital letters, while the actual readings may be seen by reversing the page. The sketch—for which drawing to scale is not claimed—indicates only the highways mentioned in the novel. There is a network of roads and trails connecting Santiago with the battlegrounds, which is omitted in order to bring out more clearly those lines that are essential to the story.

It will be noticed that there is another historic name on the line of the railway itself—Fort Aguadores. This citadel received attention from both Admiral Sampson and General Duffield. Very few people are able to figure out just what the latter did at that point, but General Shafter says that he was sent there to make a "feint," and that he carried out instructions faithfully. It is to be hoped that the Spanish have learned this; otherwise they must have formed quite erroneous ideas of a manœuvre in which a brigade of infantry and three warships were employed for a short time against a few Spaniards cooped up in an antiquated little fortress.

The Juragua Iron Company, Limited, which is the true name of the Olancho Mining Company, is one of three great corporations which are accomplishing what Clay advised and began, namely, breaking up mountains of brown hematite and sending them piecemeal to the United States to be turned into iron and steel. The mines are open-face workings, and, as there is no safe anchorage along the coast nearer than Santiago Bay, the ore is transported over a little narrow-gauge road sixteen miles to the company's great dock, which juts a thousand feet into the water at a point a mile or so south of the city. A straight line from the mines to Santiago is prevented by the excessive grades that would be encountered, so the road follows the valley to Siboney, and from that point clings to the rock-bound coast until Fort Aguadores is reached.

It was at the ore dock, alongside of the road's terminal, that Clay, MacWilliams and young Langham occupied a modest wooden shack, where General Mendoza visited them, and placed himself in the position of a detected bribe-seeker. And it was here that MacWilliams had his locomotive shed and kept the canopied-top passenger car in which the resident manager and his assistants made their daily trips to the workings. Up above their home, on a hill overlooking the bay and the city, they built the Palms for the reception of Mr. Langham and his daughters. Those who have visited Santiago in recent years must have vastly admired this beautiful site, with its cool, inviting-looking house and grounds. The place is called La Cruz, and once upon a time a gentleman and his two lovely daughters lived there—which, in this case, cannot be called another story.

It is rather interesting to discover that our army administration had full knowledge of this splendid situation, and carefully instructed our officers to the effect that La Cruz would be a good place to have under certain conditions. In June, 1898, there was issued to the troops which had been hastily called into the field a fat, paper-backed booklet entitled

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Military Notes on Cuba. It was compiled in the military information department of the Adjutant-General's office, and was intended to take the place of a personal introduction to anything the army might happen upon in Cuba. Among other things that our officers needed to know, it gave a description of every railroad, public and private; every highway, and the cities and hamlets upon them; described each permanent military post, fortress and battery; told the contour of the country along lines of communication, and gave in detail soundings and sailing directions for all the ports and anchorages the island 'round.

Of La Cruz (the Palms) it says:

> At the last small point of the eastern shore, shown on the military map, next below the city, is located the expensive and extensive pier of the Juragua Iron Company. The heaviest draft vessels can lie directly beside this; but not far from this, and, in fact, at many points of the inner harbour, are shoals and mud banks. Back of the pier, to the southeast, rises a hill two hundred feet or more in height, which affords a most commanding range of the entire city and inner harbour; it is probably the best available location anywhere in the vicinity. It is entirely cleared, except for a single house with its outbuildings, situated at the top.

The book also gives a minute description of the company's railroad, and tells of the highway running from the Palms to Valencia. The novel says:

> There was a rough road leading from it to the city, five miles away, which they had extended still farther up the hill to the Palms.

This was the Camino Militar, reaching from Santiago to the Morro, and "rough" was hardly a sufficiently vigourous word for it before General Wood took it in hand, along with other highways down there. Clay would hardly know the road to-day. Mr. Davis, it may be remarked, has more than doubled the actual distance between the Palms and the city.

But, for that matter, it was a broadened, beautified Santiago that Mr. Davis introduced to us as Valencia. Clay bitterly told his assistants when first they met, that they knew the city "from the Alameda to the canal" better than they knew the mines. Santiago has her Alameda on the water front, and, while it might have served for Hope's morning gallops, there is scarcely sufficient room for such extensive military monœuvres as those Mendoza utilised as a prelude to his brief revolution.

Mr. Davis has also been forced to take many liberties with the physical proportions of the plazas and Santiago's buildings, public and otherwise. La Venus, the leading restaurant and café, the name of which he has not changed, does not boast of a balcony commodious enough for Clay's dinner party to Alice Langham; but they would have found ample room on the balcony of the other hotel, rightly named the Casa Grande, diagonally across the plaza and almost under the eaves of the massive, time-tinted cathedral. It may be pointed out, too, that the Palace is a one-story structure, and that the stirring scene of Captain Stuart's death on the great staircase is purely a product of Mr. Davis's imagination. Neither has the Palace such spacious ground and botanical gardens adjoining as figure in the novel.

It is almost needless to mention the statues of Bolivar and Aduella in cataloguing the things that exist in Valencia, but are not in Santiago. Spain had no cherished nor uncherished images of the Great Liberator in the plazas of her colonial cities. But when we return to The Palms, and the country from that point to the mines, we find that the author has carefully followed the natural conditions.

The old fort at Platta Inlet (Fort Aguadores), where Captain Burke hid the rifles, is there to-day, thanks to Admiral Sampson. He has said that he did not have the heart to destroy it, it was so

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picturesque. However, the commanding officer of the *Suwanee* signalled on July 1, 1898, and asked permission to bring down the Spanish flag floating above it. The Admiral decided to allow the *Suwanee* three shots, and no more. Lieutenant Blue then trained a four-inch rifle on the fort, and at the first shot loosened the staff's support, so that the colours took a dejected droop. His second shot tore away the centre strip from the flag, and the third cut the staff clean away below the banner, dropping the proud Spanish standard into the sea.

Mr. Davis must be given full credit for inventing the name of "Platta," with which he conceals the identity of Aguadores, for it is to be doubted whether he could have found such a word, with its double t's, in the Spanish language. When the book was originally published in serial form, several errors of this sort might have been noted, which have since been corrected. To be sure, these are trifles; but *Soldiers of Fortune* seemed to have had more than its share originally. What may be termed a vagary is the use of "sols" twice in the description of Mme. Alvarez's flight, while "dollars" are used everywhere else in the book. The sol is strictly Peruvian, and wealth is not estimated by it, generally speaking, in any other republic of South America.

One of the names which will be long remembered in connection with the Spanish-American War is Siboney. In the novel it simply figures as the point where Kirkland was in charge of the shops and railroad equipment. It is not surprising that it was not dignified by a name, for it is simply an indifferent little anchorage, and "Siboney" does not even appear on the military map mentioned in the United States army booklet referred to.

It was from this point that Kirkland started with his flat cars to meet Clay, MacWilliams and the rest at the Fortaleza de Aguadores, where the hidden Mannlicher rifles were captured from Mendoza's partisans. It was at the shops, too, that Kirkland mustered his array of Irish, negroes and native troops, armed them with the Mendoza guns, and rushed them into the city to take a decisive part in the second day's fighting.

As to the route of Mme. Alvarez' flight, there may be some exceptions taken to the map. It is essential to the story that a way be shown "to the sea," and the little anchorage of Cabañas fills the conditions as to distance. It may be remarked, however, that if she was hustled along the route shown, with the horses at a run, the party must have had the ride of their lives. There is an old railway reaching the bay at Cayo Smith, over which copper ore was once brought from El Cobre, and it would have been a kindness to all hands to have had the *Vesta* meet them there. Indeed, it is a surprising thing that Reggie King was willing to trust his beautiful boat anywhere near the shore at Cabañas, if that were indeed Los Bocos.

In this connection the book has several subjects for wonder still left in the late editions. Why was she "Madame" Alvarez, when we are told that the populace hooted at her as the "Spanish" woman? Why a "Theatre National" in a Spanish-speaking city? And why "Los Bocos?" Would not Mr. Davis have made it Las Bocas if he had taken a second thought?

It may be said in conclusion that prototypes of the lamented Captain Stuart are not so rare in our sister republics as might be imagined. A few months ago, when President Sam's flight from Hayti was first-page stuff, the despatches spoke of Admiral Killick's adherence to the revolutionary side, and of his flagship's swift movements in its behalf. Killick is a native Haytien, I believe; but had his ship gone into action, she would have been handled by a keen-eyed, red-bearded Englishman by the name of Captain Gilmour, and no doubt he would have been ably assisted by the Admiral's chief-of-staff, who is a handsome and energetic Belgian.

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THE RUSSIAN VIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

I. POE

THE gift for inner communion with the genius of other nations seems to be one of the minor characteristics of the Slav. The ages of cultural apprenticeship, which have fallen to his lot, have only quickened and developed this capacity. Whatever are the virtues and failings of the Russian intellectual, provincialism is not among them. Ever since the "intelligentzia" came into being, it kept its eyes turned abroad, and it was in the West that its sun, contrary to all precedent, rose in the radiance of light and beauty. One is not surprised, therefore, to find that the New World literature is not unknown in Russia, despite the fact that the bear, to use a figure recently popularised by Shaw, was never on close terms with the North American eagle, and has, until recently, entertained distinctly unfavourable, but otherwise vague ideas concerning matters American, in general.

The first name a Russian is most likely to mention when the conversation turns to American literature, is that of "mad Edgar." It is Poe that has come to be popularly identified in Russia with the American literary genius in its highest achievements. That this should have happened will be considered by many an apt illustration of Maurus's famous aphorism about books and their destinies. At any rate, more than any other land, France included, Russia may claim to be Poe's country by, so to speak, posthumous adoption. The Slav has taken him to heart with all his unearthliness and morbidity, his fantastic rationalism and superexcited æstheticism, with all his dreams and nightmares. Poe's popularity in Russia is hard to overrate. He is known not only as a teller of strange, unforgettable tales and of what a Russian critic calls "philosophical fables, which hypnotise both our senses and our mind,"—but also as a poet who has discovered new islands of beauty. Russian literature possesses a truly remarkable translation of Poe's complete poetical works, which closely follows the metre of the original. This is perhaps the most adequate transposition of Poe's poetry yet produced in any language, since Stephan Mallarmé's celebrated prose version of "The Raven" and other pieces utterly fails to render the lilt and the manifold sonorities of Poe's verse.

Casual translations from Poe began to appear in leading Russian periodicals as early as the late thirties. In 1861 the magazine *The Russian Word* printed an intelligent critical study of Poe. Here, the art of the American poet is described as "fantastic realism," and his personality likened to an aerolite, the messenger of another world. But it is only toward the end of the century that Poe attained the height of his popularity in the Slav country and was completely naturalised there. The tide of Neo-romanticism which swept over Europe and reached Russia in the nineties bore on its crest Poe among other dead and living masters. The destinies of books are as strange as those of men. The author of the *Raven* suddenly found himself in the Pantheon,—or, as some would say, in the Pandemonium—of modernity, "an early forerunner of a far too slow spring," invoked by the neo-romanticist in one breath with Baudelaire, Verlaine, Oscar Wilde, and others. Poe's influence on modern Rus-

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sian literature is well established. There is in its cauldron an element coming directly from Poe; it is especially noticeable in writers like Sologub and Andreyev, to mention two names not entirely unfamiliar to the American ear.

This new enthusiasm in Russia for the works of Poe found its spokesman in the person of Constantine Balmont, who is the foremost living Russian poet. He has done for the whole body of Poe's writings in Russia what Baudelaire did for his prose in France. Balmont's admirable translation of Poe's complete works, begun in 1906, puts a finishing stroke to the process of Poe's Russification. Baudelaire prayed to his beloved Edgar as his intercessor before God; Jules Lemaître placed him in the company of Plato and Shakespeare. The Russian translator has an admiration for the American poet which is hardly inferior. In an essay on Walt Whitman, entitled "Polarity," he has this to say about Poe:

> How could I breathe, and thousands of people with me, if there were not Poe's *Raven,* with its unforgettable burden of "Nevermore"? And if by night Annabel-Lee and Morella and Ligeia did not lean over me and kiss me a fantastic kiss? And how could the evening and morning bells chime if there were no "Bells" of the mad Edgar? And was I not among the masks of the Red Death? And have I not fled in frenzied terror from the falling house of Usher? . . .
>
> Edgar Poe is the North Pole and all the southern lands which one passes on one's way to the North Pole. Edgar Poe is the sweetest sound of the lute and the most passionate sob of the violin. He is sensation exalted to the state of crystal serenity, an enchanted gorgeous hall ending with a magical mirror. . . . Edgar Poe is the furnace of self-knowledge. He is our elder brother, the beloved Solitary One, and we sorely grieve that we are not able to sail up the river of years and join him, all of us, a faithful band, now so numerous, him, our king, who at that time was deserted, in the dreadful moment of his great struggle. Peace, peace be with him, our fair angel of sorrow. He lives among us, in our most delicate sensations, in the mad outcries of our sorrow, in the sonorous rhythms of our songs, in rhymes final and initial, in the beautiful gestures of the young girl who thinks of him. . . .

II. WHITMAN

It is this enthusiast of Poe who has introduced to the Russian public another American poet, of a later generation. In 1905, in Moscow, under the music of ceaseless rifle fire exchanged by the insurgents and the army, Constantine Balmont was ending his translation of *Leaves of Grass,* begun in 1903, on the Baltic sea-shore, in the enchanted hours, as he says, of late northern mornings and evenings. Walt Whitman is but a newcomer in Russia, but he has already attracted a great deal of attention and his popularity is undoubtedly on the increase: the Russian reader may rightly claim that moral and intellectual thirstiness which, as it has been recently asserted, is necessary truly to enjoy the water-brooks of Whitman's poetry.

The Russian view of Walt Whitman and his gospel is quite suggestive, without being by any means fixed or crystallised. "Cosmical enthusiasm" is the term by which a Russian critic endeavours to describe the religion of the author of *Leaves of Grass.* Others dwell on Whitman's social pathos and his serene universalism; others again emphasise Whitman's enmity to analysis and criticism, and contrast his way of joyously and naïvely "accepting" the world as it is, with the Russian mentality, ever drifting toward heart-wrung negation, ever engaged in fruitless efforts to solve the eternal equation and to justify the iniquity of existence; but to all of them the *Leaves of Grass* are a work, on which dwells the glimmer of great beauty and which is heavy with the seeds of the future, perhaps more than any other book of poems hitherto written. The most interesting Russian utterance about Whitman belongs to Balmont: like Poe, the poet of the *Leaves*

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of Grass is one of his rather numerous literary loves. After stating, that without Poe and Whitman the nineteenth century could not have realised itself, and that "they are as inevitable in the life of our soul as the first love, the first sorrow, a moon-lit night and a sunny morning," he centres his attention on Poe, and then goes on to Whitman:

> If Edgar Poe is the movement of my soul from the Southern smiles northward, from flowers and kisses to the ice crystal,—Walt Whitman is the opposite movement. From doubts and sorrow he arrives at the positive principle. Through him my soul, gradually freeing itself from the fanaticism of the heart, from my ardent adherence to individual events and the sensations of individual life, enters the cosmical Ocean and, joining all the instruments into a thundering organ, sings ecstatically "Hosannah."
>
> Walt Whitman is the South Pole. . . . Here we find much that is unexplored and unexpected. On the South Pole there are surely warm inland seas, unsailed and uncharted, islands rich with flowers and fruits, resembling and yet not resembling ours. Through the triumphant symbolisation of everything that for a moment arises from the flowing stream of life, through the falling of all rivers into the cosmical Ocean. Whitman repeatedly comes near the cosmical assertion of the Ego—the Being Asserted, that ever spends itself without losing a single drop. He is the poet of the Present and of the Future. He is a portion, and a considerable portion, too, of that future which is coming to us rapidly, which is becoming the present. He is—idealised, clarified Democracy, the triumphant procession of Humanity in its conquest of the Planet. . . .
>
> There is little sweetness in Whitman. His is the salty breath of the sea. He is the legendary King of the Sea, reeling, sinking ships in his wild merriment, hirsute, uncouth, monstrous, absurd, superb.

III. LONGFELLOW

Longfellow is the third—and last—American poet, known to fame in Russia and accessible—at least partly—to the Russian reader uninitiated into the English tongue. None of the other members of the group of New England poets has hitherto won the Slav ear. Despite the fact that some of Longfellow's lyrics had been rendered in 1894 into Russian, he is known exclusively as the author of *The Song of Hiawatha.* It is Ivan Bunin, a prominent master of modern Russian prose and a poet of classical purity, that has added his countrymen to the wide circle of Longfellow's readers. Bunin's transposition of the American epic is a work of rare merits, a production standing out in the mass of what Mallarmé dubbed as *singerie rimée.* The translator has succeeded in pouring the old wine of Longfellow's poetry into new bottles, without spilling a drop; the freshness of the original and the fragrance of its simple imagery are not only retained but actually enhanced in the new linguistic medium. Small wonder that this book of noble and humanitarian poetry, although an adopted child, is as dear to Russian literature as the offspring of its own flesh.

IV. IRVING, COOPER, AND HAWTHORNE

American prose is, naturally, more fully represented in Russia than the New World poetry. A Russian catalogue of bibliographical rarities mentions a *Collection of Sundry Works of Benjamin Franklin,* translated from the French and published in Moscow in 1803. To the same category of book curiosities belong also Russian versions of Washington Irving's books, of which there have been translated only Columbus's biography (Petrograd, 1837) and the *History of Mahomet and his Successors* (Moscow, 1857). Curiously enough, Irving had the rare privilege of being honoured by a leading Russian magazine with an obituary article about a quarter of a century before his death. In 1835 *The Readers' Library* printed a paper on Irving's life and literary activity. It deplores his death, "shortly announced by English journals," de-

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clares him the only great author hitherto produced by the New World, and traces this sterility of genius in relation to fine arts to the greediness of the North Americans,—"a passion which dries up in them the sources of inspiration, melting in its alchemical crucible the world, both material and spiritual, in order to transform it into cash."

This article mentions also the name of Fenimore Cooper, as the only rival of Irving. The former's novels were to become the fashion of the day in the early forties. Especially popular was the *Pathfinder*. In reviewing this novel, the great critic of the time, Vissarion Byelinsky, the "fierce Vissarion," ever white-hot with enthusiasm for somebody or something, called it "a Shakespearean drama in the form of a novel." Before long, however, Cooper's books found their proper place in the category of juveniles and have stayed there, in the congenial company of Mayne Reid's novels, Bret Harte's stories, and the incomparable *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* to make the joy of that age which in Russia, as elsewhere, reads most and knows best how to read. The Russian version of Beecher Stowe's novel appeared in 1857. It was a very opportune hour indeed. The movement for political and social emancipation, which resulted in the great reforms of the sixties, had at that time gained considerable impetus, and it is natural that the great abolitionistic novel was met with deep enthusiasm. Time has not impaired the fame of the novel, although it has changed the circle of its readers. There are, at least, five different Russian versions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin; We and Our Neighbours, Old Town Folks,* and some other novels have also been done into Russian. In fact, these writers, especially Mayne Reid, are more extensively read and enthusiastically admired than in their home-country.

Hawthorne has been rather slow in gaining ground in Russia. Only of late years has he attracted some attention, and now his complete works are being published by a Petrograd firm. A small following has also been secured by the transcendentalists, after the main bulk of Emerson's and Thoreau's essays had in recent years been made accessible to the Russian reader. A few philosophical treatises, done into Russian, mainly the works of William James, have added to the prestige of American thought in the eyes of the Russians.

V. MARK TWAIN

However plausible may appear the discovery of John Palmer that laughter is the real frontier between races, it is nevertheless true that Mark Twain's broad laughter seems to respect no boundaries. An indication of his popularity in Russia is the fact that his books have been translated not only into the main national tongue but also—at least, some of them—into the musical language of Ukraine, generally known as the Little Russian dialect. The volume of *The Prince and the Pauper* was the first to appear, and it has to this very day remained the standard juvenile, more popular with the Russian children than *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* or his *Huckleberry Finn.* His purely humourous stories are current in Russian not only in the form of respectable middle-sized volumes, but also in the shape of cheap yellow-covered "brochures," with which the Universal Library Company floods the country. A Russian biographer of Mark Twain quotes the following "interview" with the American humourist by a Russian correspondent, which took place apparently in Vienna and which was printed in Moscow papers in 1897:

> The newspaper man accosted Mark Twain on the sidewalk and proceeded to introduce himself.
>
> "An interview?" interrupted Twain gently, "well, at your service, sir."
>
> The Russian did not expect such a meekness and lost his courage. Twain smiled and said in German:
>
> "Young man, you are an inexperienced interviewer. While you were losing time

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in getting confused, an American would jot down a hundred lines, and a hundred and one of them would tell all sorts of cock-and-bull stories."

The correspondent remarked that the Russian press is far from such perfection. Mark Twain went on:

"Your press, too, is getting Americanised, just as that of Paris and London. Upon the whole, your culture is young. . . . It is only by your Russian youth and inexperience that I can explain why you translate my books in great number without paying me a penny."

The interviewer retorted that there exists no literary convention in Russia, and that, in general, the publishers are very much handicapped on all sides.

"So it seems," concluded Twain, "that they publish my works *ad maiorem Tweni gloriam?* And your authors write not for money, but for glory? This, too, will change in course of time."

VI. CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

Of contemporary American writers very few are known in Russia. The fame of "the Maupassant of the New World," O. Henry, has already reached the shores of Neva and Volga, but his stories are still inaccessible to the Russians. More fortunate is the late Richard Harding Davis and Upton Sinclair, whose *The Jungle* was widely read a few years ago. But there is one living American fiction-writer, whose vogue in Russia is truly extraordinary. It is Jack London, christened "the American Gorky." His books are being published by at least three publishing houses at once, and all of Russia reads Jack London, as a few years ago all of Russia read Knut Hamsun, the Scandinavian novelist who likes to call himself a Russian writer. It is the pathos of struggle and the gospel of action that appeal to the will-less, muscle-bound Russian intellectual in London's fiction, and make them blind to the defects of his *genre féroce*. Leonid Andreyev declares with an air of conviction that as you read these novels you feel how your muscles grow stronger; Alexander Kuprin likens the American novelist to Kipling; the philosopher Lopatin calls him the apostle of energy. Other writers, on the contrary, violently denounce his false romanticism and deplore the intrusion into Russian literature of this "travelling salesman in a derby, who deals in oceans, storms, Lucifers and prairies." Others again take London as a text of their sermon on the necessity for the Russian educated class to throw off the cocoon of passivity,—all the while emphasising that America is a land of two dimensions, that is, of immense length and immense breadth, but of no depth and that Jack London is a worthy representative of the country, where man is spiritually a chimpanzee and materially a demiurge.

It is clear that the Russians have to unlearn a great many things and to learn even more about America, in general, and American letters, in particular. The present war, tightening as it does the bonds between the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon, will undoubtedly hasten in Russia the growth of a deeper understanding of America's soul and bring about a fuller appreciation of the finer values of the New World culture. In fact, observers of Russian life for the last year have already noticed a rise of sympathetic interest in matters pertaining to the United States. *A quelque chose malheur est bon.*

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HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

BY J. P. COLLINS

In his tribute to English character Emerson spoke of the rude health and petulancy of our young men. "They stoutly carry," he said, "into every nook and corner of the world their turbulent sense; and run into absurd frolics with the gravity of the Eumenides." They may not shine in Kultur and Kriegspiel, but they know a true cause when they see one; they wage a straight fight; they endear themselves to the men they lead; above all, they "die game." Action is the very breath of their nostrils, and in "the bright eyes of danger" shines their paramount divinity. We have falsified the fear expressed in a preface of Mr. Vachell's years ago, when he wrote: "To-day the English-speaking races on both sides of the Atlantic have achieved a prosperity so stupendous that imagination reels at it. Who will attempt to compute the moral effect upon the national character?" Well, we have stood the test with something better than words, and of his own work—young, vivid, and direct—one may fairly say the same.

It is as an interpreter of action, or British character in action, that Mr. Vachell interests one most. Power in motion occupies him to the exclusion of power in repose. In this the artist is consistent with the man. A keen rider himself, he writes, you may say, with a close rein, and never loosens it till he has landed his field of characters back under shelter of a logical outcome, cheerful for choice. This passion for energy has preserved him from the morbid, the cheap and the futile, and if he has sometimes flirted with the inadequate, he has not spared himself compensatory pains. A happy fertility has saved him from a common fate. Most writers lavish on their early work material they might have husbanded and turned to advantage later on; that kind of remorse is part of the price incurred in learning a difficult craft. Mr. Vachell attacked it under arduous conditions, in the seventeen years he spent in California, and he has never been gravelled for lack of matter since. It is characteristic of him that he went there to shoot buffalo; having bagged his bull, he took up ranching, and pursued the one as he had pursued the other, to the death. There seemed no chance of war just then, so he gave up his commission in the Rifle Brigade, and alternated steers with stories. He has been heard to say there are early books of his that deserve to be "scrapped"; what is better, he has given us successors enough to wipe them out. I would put in a recommendation to mercy for the first book of all, *The Romance of Judge Ketchum*. In his cow-punching period he fell in with a judge whose nose was Cyranonian enough to provoke enlargement with the pen. On the strength of his commanding organ, this Rhadamanthus of the West smelt him out an ancestry, and Mr. Vachell conceived him as coming to England to trace it. The idea of so tough and brambly a character invading the ordered garden of an old-world society has been variously developed, but never with a better sense of comedy, and I hope to meet that "jedge" again across the footlights. This book and four or five succeeding it, come under the first of the categories into which I venture to classify our author's work. They are Stories of Race and Travel, and exceed the other sections in point of number. Once only he has reverted to this vogue in recent years—in the case of *Spragge's Canyon;* and although the character interest supersedes that of travel and type, it is a reversion in more ways than one, for it

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shows a return to that realism which Meredith recommended to novices as the safer course. As George Spragge said to Hazel:

> I don't think I'm one to change. Human bein's, an' animals, an' land, gits a holt o' me;

and a return to the cloudless light of the west had sharpened the novel's outlines as of old. *A Drama of Sunshine* (1897) is perhaps the popular favourite in this early group, but its desperate feuds between land-sharks and the law seem to scorch even California, and set up discord among those beautiful names of the old Spanish missions that have sown a grace of peace and canonisation along the burnt Pacific slope. The short stories of this and a later time fill two of Mr. Vachell's books, *Bunch Grass* and *Loot,* nearly all of the cameo type, crisply cut, and episodic to a fault, but useful as showing how their author has passed from the inevitable influence of Bret Harte. With these and *John Charity*—archaic at the outset and indecisive at the close—we take our leave of California as a setting, though the author returns to it frequently for colour relief, and need never quite abandon so rich a field. The same holds good with regard to Brittany, the only land that divides his affections with California and England. Brittany—the *Bretonne bretonnante,* the songs of Botrel, and the appetising cotrillade—pass and repass through his books, much as the Venus motive haunts Tannhäuser. It was an abrupt transition, truly, from the sun-cracked foothills of the sierras to the land of legends and menhirs and pardons, with its lowering skies, and its *morne,* unearthly memories; but if California made him a man of action, Brittany helped to make him an artist and a humanist. He was in search not of landscape or melodrama, but of real men and women, creatures equal to enduring whatever providence and nature sent. The virtues he had prized in his Western neighbours were "generosity, courage, and that amazing power of recuperation which enables a man to begin life again and again, undaunted by the bludgeonings of misfortune." Bludgeonings, Henley's word, will crop up over and over again, whether in the Golden State, or in the grey hinterland of Concarneau, or among the cathedral-shadowed fields of Cranberry-Orcas—wherever, in fact, there were men to be found defying convention and augury and winning by dint of the spirit. For the real victory is something better than achievement.

With his return to England—it was 1900 and his thirtieth year—Mr. Vachell gave himself to literature in earnest. From this time on he was to build up human beings from within, instead of assembling scattered notes and fragments. Bathed in the charm of our southern shires, and mellowing his recollections, he was entering on the second stage of his evolution, the period of his Society Romances, ranging from *The Pinch of Prosperity* (1903) to his latest book, *The Triumph of Tim.* In hours of confidence he lifts a light sarcastic nostril at mention of *The Pinch,* and thinks Arthur Wyndquest a prig. Maybe, yet the book contains worse weaknesses. One is the old device of similarity in a twin, a shuffle of identity which not even Shakespeare could use with ease. But as a "study of twisted lives" this novel shows an advance along lines of resolute ambition, and the paradox in the title harbours a tonic irony. What is more, the author has begun to understand women; he is changing from a Ulysses to an Œdipus; and Pretty Parslow proves that the sphinx of sex is yielding to the determined wooer. *Her Son,* along with a greyish monotony of style and an unescapable ending, is another sign in the same direction, and I wish I had seen the play it furnished. *The Paladin* about this time marked another step in the direction of the stage, but Mr. Vachell's plays may wait awhile. *The Shadowy Third, The Waters of Jordan,* and *Blinds Down,*

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all mild indictments of the social statute, show further improvements in the handling of womanhood, and the use of indicative and palatable satire. Clearly, we have long since outgrown the scolding vein of old Mrs. Parslow:

> I don't expec' ter see men in the Noo Jeroosalem. That's why we're told there's to be no marryin' nor givin' in marriage. . . . Oh, it's we women as suffers 'ere below, but I'd be no Christian if I doubted that the men's turn will come.

There is more than assonance in name and tone connecting Mrs. Parslow and Mrs. Poyser, but the link is an honourable one, and we descry a latent chivalry maturing in the author, if not an actual championship of womanhood. Happily, a growing confidence of touch in dealing with leisure and fashion and wealth, brings no disillusion that is not normal. Moreover, opportunity is being made and mastered, instead of turning up unsuspected or unprized, as in the callow work of years ago.

Goethe said that true religion consisted in a triple reverence—for what is beyond us, the creatures round us, and the faculties within ourselves. The third phase reveals itself in a grip of the problem of self-conquest. Probably the book that springs first to the popular mind at mention of Mr. Vachell's name is *The Hill,* which does for Harrow what *Tom Brown* did for the Rugby of half a century ago. Its characters, we are assured, were composite photographs, not portraits, but "Scud" East could hardly have been far away when that young rogue Desmond loomed upon the camera. Scaife runs a narrow risk of recalling Steerforth in *David Copperfield,* but he has a fibre in him which is absent in that ringleted Lothario, and he only fails us in the sequel, *John Verney.* Somehow, this last book rings hollow, like its politics, and there is no chapter in it to vie with the threefold cross-examination in Mr. Warde's study. Let us hope for better work in the third book Mr. Vachell promises to round off the trilogy. *Brothers* lifts us to a broader and a higher plane, though it was earlier in the writing, and suffers from over-emphasis. There is no comparison between the gospel of Archibald and the gospel of Mark, but the professional prelate, odious as he is, excels in workmanship the agonised apostle of the East End; and as for Betty, she is simply a stand-aside, clad in a double disappointment, ours as well as hers. Mollie in *The Other Side* enters on renunciation with a better grace, but she is eclipsed by the intensity of her father and his supernatural experience.

In previous dealings with the occult (detestable word) Mr. Vachell made mistakes like torturing a dead soul because of an unrestored ring, as if immaterial beings could be the sport of things inanimate, whether rings or tumbling tables. Here in *The Other Side* the supernatural machinery has dignity and justification, and the prefatory defence was hardly needed. It points out the coincidence with Mr. Bennett's novel, *The Glimpse,* and pleads that the resemblance was involuntary and anticipative. As a matter of fact, the resemblance is superficial. Mr. Bennett uses the interval of disembodiment as a psychological experiment; Mr. Vachell's purpose is of the missionary order. He is out to save his hero from worldliness, as Browning does in his incomparable *Karshish,* and Dickens in *A Christmas Carol.* But when all is said and done, *The Other Side* is inferior to *The Face of Clay,* which in many essential respects I take to be Mr. Vachell's masterpiece in the region of pure romance. One feels disposed to set this novel back among the stories of Race and Travel, but its figures are better than its background and folklore, and Téphany has no superior in the whole range of the author's work. Rumour deponeth that he awards the laurels to his latest book, *The Triumph of Tim,* apart from the usual enthusiasm of a writer for his youngest born; and *Tim* certainly has undeniable claims from its dips into auto-

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biography, and the finished roundness of its structure. Again, Daphne Rokeby is a new and lovable Penelope, without flaw or reward, but a certain elaboration of form robs the book of half its naturalness, and *Tim* must stand or fall by certain passages. These are instinct with courage and the "rougher strain" of truth; they belong to the downright school of Fielding; but the divisioning of the book distracts one by its cleverness. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Vachell is too thorough to remain a slave to mere finesse.

A word remains to be said of the plays, though by right they deserve an essay to themselves, and I have no space at all for *Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope*. Mr. Vachell owns not only to five or six plays that the public has honoured, but to nine others which will never see the light. He admits this novitiate of failure was good for him, certainly better than the early success which awaited his novels and in consequence delayed his real arrival. But he has won his stage spurs with something more than perseverance. With his faculty for hitting the public taste, it is to his credit that he has given it only his best; thank goodness, he has not, as so many other dramatists have done, yielded to the temptation:

> to deliver
> Sweet, sweet, sweet poison to the age's tooth.

So far he has produced healthy and individual work, nor has he descended from the high standard of his literary ideals. His stage heroes need not fear or disdain a gallery triumph so long as they talk and act on the level of the novels. Napier's driving force in *The Case of Lady Camber* is all the more effective at the last for having been latent till then; but the Paladin he deposes, as in the novel, is the more finished piece of drawing. Somehow the tall talk that suits Sir Bedford Slufter is inappropriate in the hero, but the last act redeems this and other faults with a superb and restrained culmination, nailed up and caulked, like a good chess problem, until the key-move lets in the light. The integral action of *Jelf's* is impaired by dependence on a loud and adventitious "bookie," and Dick in the fourth act loses grit after his two fine outbursts in the third. But the characterisation is true to life, and Dick was not at Harrow for nothing, or in California either. Blaine, the dominant force in *Searchlights,* is too adamantine to be welcome outside the City area; but the hero of *Quinneys'* would conquer anywhere. At one point he gives a dangerous opening, where he taunts Posy with not knowing a "fake" when she sees one; this lays him open to the retort of heredity, for he has just convicted himself of this very defect. Perfect in all else, *Quinneys'* remains Mr. Vachell's summit of theatrical achievement, none the less so because the wife and daughter are a marked advance on his stage heroines hitherto. He has qualified in drama as he took years to do in fiction. He has mastered feminine character and made it workable on level terms with his men. I know no higher praise.

* * * * *

There is internal evidence that Mr. Vachell's writings are rapidly produced, or else that when he revises, if ever, he does it with an eye more to the purport than the text. Taste resents the meaningless christening of a trivial American in *The Face of Clay* with a name like Johnnie Keats, and there are touches in certain of the other books likely to yield to a corrective pen. But in the main, Mr. Vachell's style is like his heroes, rapid, masterful, resourceful, and more than equal to the situation. It will grace many a twentieth-century anthology of English prose. It would be hard to improve upon it as a vehicle for that temperamental appetite for action which I conceive to be the main characteristic of the man. Like Kipling and Masefield, he interprets British nature faithfully because he graduated early in the school of travel, observation, tenacity. Only in this way can you get

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what the savants call the geodetic curve. Mr. Vachell appreciates England—especially his beloved Sussex and Hampshire—because he has earned her approval by the sweat of his brow under fiercer skies. It is no bad cue for the training of a writer, and it has certainly proved its value in Mr. Vachell's case.

THE STYX RIVER ANTHOLOGY

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters seems to have set the fashion. But what Mr. Masters has done for Spoon River Miss Carolyn Wells is well able to do for the Styx. A few readers will perhaps be helped by the following Key: The "Lucy" of Number I is, of course, the Lucy of Wordsworth's poem. Number II deals with Hamlet's friend, and Number III is a version in the new style of the verses beginning: "The boy stood on the burning deck." To the rather morbid Number IV we must say that we rather prefer "The Kingdom by the Sea" of the Edgar Allan Poe original. Number V is the old Scotch song "Douglas, Tender and True." Number VI, "Mrs. Ephraim Slade," throws a new light upon the heroine of Thomas Hood's "One more unfortunate, weary of breath; rashly importunate, gone to her death." Number VII, "Barbara Allen," refers to the old English ballad beginning: "In Scarlet town, where I was born." In Number VIII, "Angus McPhairson," Miss Wells reveals to the world for the first time the name of the man who would "lay him doon and dee" for Annie Laurie. Number IX is the Laurence whose suicide Tennyson's haughty Clara caused in the verses responsible for the somewhat hackneyed sentiment that "True hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

I

LUCY

YES, I am in my grave,
And you bet it makes a difference to him!
For we were to be married,—at least, I think we were,
And he'd made me promise to deed him the house.
But I had to go and get appendicitis,
And they took me to the hospital.
It was a nice hospital, clean,
And Tables Reserved For Ladies.
Well, my heart gave out.
He came and stood over my grave,
And registered deep concern.
And now, he's going round with that
Hen-minded Hetty What's-her-name!
Her with her Whistler's Mother and her Baby Stuart
On her best-room wall!
And I hate her, and I'm glad she squints.
Well, I suppose I lived my life,
But it was Life in name only.
And I'm mad at the whole world!

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II

OPHELIA

No, it wasn't suicide,
But I had heard so much of those mud baths,
I thought I'd try one.
Ugh! it was a mess!
Weeds, slime, and tangled vines! Oh, me!
Had I been Annette Kellerman
Or even a real mermaid,
I had lived to tell the tale.
But I slid down and under,
And so Will Shaxpur told it for me.
Just as well.
But I think my death scene is unexcelled
By any in cold print.
It beats that scrawny, red-headed old thing of Tom Hood's
All hollow!

III

CASABIANCA

I played to the Grand Stand!
Sure I did,
And I made good.
Ain't I in McGuffey's Third Reader?
Don't they speak pieces about me Friday afternoons?
Don't everybody know the first two lines of my story,—
And no more?
Say, I was there with the goods,
Wasn't I?
And it paid.
But I wish Movin' Pitchers had been invented then!

IV

ANNABEL LEE

They may say all they like
About germs and micro-crocuses,—
Or whatever they are!
But my set opinion is,—
If you want to get a good, old-fashioned chills and fever,
Just poke around
In a damp, messy place by the sea,
Without rubbers on.
A good cold wind,

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Blowing out of a cloud, by night,
Will give you a harder shaking ague
Than all the bacilli in the Basilica.
It did me.

V

DOUGLAS

Passer-by, do you know what it means
To be married to a scold? A Tongue-lasher?
A brawling woman in a wide house?
Well, that's what my wife was.
I said little, but she lambasted me right and left.
She sneered and jeered and fleered at all my efforts to please her.
Oh, yes, she said she was sorry after I died; said I was tender and true.
Said if I'd come back she'd smile as sweet as the angels do.
Shucks! You ought to have seen her scowl if I tracked mud
On the kitchen floor!
But how she could season soup!
I think she might have crimped her front hair
And mended those rips under her arm,
When I was around,
As she does now. Now that Job Enders
Is coming Sunday and Wednesday nights.
Well, I stood her as long as I could;
And then, one day, she called me a ——
Oh, I won't say it, but it was a name that—that lacked dignity.
So I took gas.
Queer how dyin' sets a man up in a woman's esteem!

VI

MRS. EPHRAIM SLADE

Oh, but I was mad when Mr. Hood made up that stuff about me!
Calling me one more unfortunate! And saying my wet clothes stuck to me.
Though he *did* say my red hair was auburn;
I liked that.
But to harp on dishonour!
Why, I was a respectable married woman.

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But, you see, I had read so much stuff
about Twilight Sleep,
And so many "Poems Every Expectant
Mother Ought To Know,"
That I just got scared and drowned my-
self.
Eph, the big-hearted Boob,
Has about as much sprawl as a snail at
full gallop.
And he never thought of looking for
me in the morgue.
But Good Land! he can't help the way
he's made.
And anyway, I'm glad I got the fresh
straw under the dining-room car-
pet.

VII

BARBARA ALLEN

I own up I was a flirt; a rogue in porce-
lain; a pink and white mistake.
Life was a Heyday for me.
All the men in Scarlet-town were crazy
about me.
And I carried on like mad.
Then that Jemmy Grove had to go and
die!
He had red hair and poached eyes.
And I hadn't encouraged him; at least,
not much.
But the whole town raised Cain,
And said I was a murderess.
I got cold shoulders and cold stares;
And then, I got cold feet and went to
bed
And died.
It wasn't exactly grief over Jemmy,
I had asthma.

VIII

ANGUS MC PHAIRSON

Oh, of course,
It's always some dratted petticoat!
Just because that little flibbertigibbet,
Annie Laurie
Had a white throat and a blue e'e,
She played the very devil with my peace
of mind.
She'd dimple at me
Till I was aboot crazy;
And then laugh at me through her dim-
ples!

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She was my bespoke.
And I'd beg her to have the banns
called,—
But there was no pinning her down.
Well, she was so bonny
That like a fool, I said I'd lay me doon
And dee for her.
And,—like a fool,—
I did.

IX

LAURENCE

I'm not so awfully well known,
But I want it clearly understood
That Lady Clara Vere de Vere was not
entirely to blame.
I cut my throat because she threw me
over.
Yes.
But she had a reason.
She couldn't stand a mother-in-law
Who hadn't the right caste of manners.
A mother-in-law is bad enough, any-
how,
But one who uses an unprintable word
is impossible.
And so Clara was in the right.
She *was* a hummer!
With her coronets and Norman blood,
And her backing of a hundred Earls,—
Oh, what's the use!
She wouldn't have me.
I couldn't live without her,
And there you are!

WILLIAM McFEE—ENGINEER AND AUTHOR

BY ARTHUR J. ELDER

Dear Pater wrote McMuirland's; McMuir-
land's wrote him back:
We'll take your son with pleasure, Sir, al-
though the trade is slack.
We'll make a useful man of him, and (eke)
an Engineer,
For the small consideration of a hundred
pounds a year.
A hundred pounds a year, my son,
It seems a little dear, my son,
To be an engineer, my son:
A hundred pounds a year!

From *Pupil Days,* unpublished poems by William McFee.

THE above lines, written by McFee about 1899 (when he was eighteen) remind me of our first meeting. But it was "Dear *Mater*" who wrote to "McMuirland's," as Mac's father, a sea

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captain, had been dead some years. It was in 1897 that I first saw McFee. I was in my father's office, the typical office of the Dickens era with high desks, tall leather-covered stools, fireplace, coal scuttle, enormous brass-bound ledgers, copying press, letter books and all the old-fashioned sundries. It was an engineering firm in Aldersgate, on the site of one of the plague pits of 1665. A lady of the New England type entered the office accompanied by a quiet lad of sixteen who did not look over strong. He had very fair hair and complexion, and a far-away gaze which wandered over the faded yellow photographs of admiralty pumping engines, brewery machinery, which lined the walls. The lady was Mrs. McFee and the boy was her son William who was to be made an engineer by "McMuirland's" for the consideration of one hundred pounds a year for three years. Since then my friend has often told me he wished he had that three hundred pounds back! None of us could even imagine what the premium was paid for, except that those who paid were called Pupils and those who did not pay were apprentices. Real English Swank! The apprentices as a rule learned a great deal more than the "Pups," simply because the men in the shops were more in sympathy with the lads from their own class. Many of the pupils are pupils still as far as engineering goes.

But McFee was an exception. Somehow he got next to the men, understood them, talked to them as one of themselves and absorbed all he could. It was his characteristic curiosity about human nature that made him visit the workmen in their homes and see their way of living, understanding them and sympathising with them. He was deep in socialism at this time. His intimate acquaintance with the mechanics was double gain to him—knowledge of engineering and knowledge of men. Both of which he has put to good use, for at the present time McFee has risen as high as it is possible to get in the Merchant Marine; holding his Extra Chief's Certificate from the London Board of Trade and also United States Chief's License. He is an Associate Member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers (London) and a Member of the Institute of Marine Engineers. His love and understanding of music and painting are exceptional: his letters and published articles contain many a shrewd bit of art criticism: in fact he has often thought of "chucking" both steam and ink to become a painter. Like Mr. Pepys he is "curious about life," and passionately interested in all its colours, sounds, and feelings. In distant ports where most seamen would know only the rum palace or the dance hall along the water-front, you will find that Mac has hunted out the libraries and art galleries.

A biographical sketch should, I suppose, have a few dates.

II

William McFee was born at sea, in 1881, while his father was bringing his vessel toward the English coast after a long voyage. The family then settled in New Southgate, a suburb in the north of London. Here it was that McFee was educated in several schools and finally at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. From 1897 until 1900 his time was spent in "McMuirland's" engineering shops at Aldersgate. At the end of his three years as a pupil he was sent out as an "improver" in a large waterworks pumping job at Tring and worked under a man named Tom Richardson. Richardson was a mechanic who had ideas of his own, much to the disgust of the firm; but McFee liked him and got close to him and from this man he gained a great deal of valuable insight into the class of men that he writes so well of. "The Day's Work," a poem (unpublished) written about 1901, gives a fine description of this Tring job.

At that time, as the title of this poem suggests, he was much influenced by Kipling. (Even to the extent of lecturing on Kipling.) A forty-page manu-

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script book of poems shows this. It is not a question of plagiarism. About the time of the Boer War Mr. Kipling's marvellous sway was probably at its height. Nothing more natural than that the young poet of nineteen and twenty should cast his vigourous verses (they have masculine merits of their own) in Kipling medallions. The very title of the little booklet (*Nought Common*) is taken from a Kipling line, and the dedication "to a most unholy public" is thoroughly in the master's vein. The little scrip of verses shows one other thing, too—McFee's thorough, painstaking patience. Throughout the forty pages the poems are exquisitely lettered by hand in India ink on drawing paper, the true outpouring of those strenuous days when McFee was learning engines and learning men.

After the work at Tring McFee went into the London office at Finsbury Pavement of a large Yorkshire firm of engineers. He was still living at New Southgate with his mother, sister and young brother and all his spare time was devoted to reading. He fairly devoured everything worth reading; on the train, tram or bus, an open book was always in his hand. His evenings were spent at the Northampton Institute, where he met Greenwood, the librarian, a real bohemian; his Saturday afternoons at the Reading Room of the British Museum. McFee was not what we would call, in America, a good "mixer"; while the others were spending social weekends with boating, tennis or dancing, Mac was reading and writing, with an occasional game of cricket, but even the latter he gave up. I was surprised, as he was an excellent cricketer. The weak-looking lad had by this time grown to a big strong-boned man in his twenties. He had decidedly round shoulders and gave one the impression of being slow in his movements; but when you saw him cover the cricket pitch or (as I have seen him) catch a mouse with his hand you very soon changed your opinion. He was like a flash. I had been living in Chelsea for many years and persuaded him to leave North London and come to live near me. His own folk did not understand him and had no sympathy for his writings, and he told me his life was more and more sliding in between the covers of books. I wanted him to meet the Chelsea men, Oliver Onions, Nicholls, Belloc, Tweed and others. He moved to Cheyne Walk, a few doors from my house, but shortly afterward (in 1905) I left England for San Francisco.

In the autumn of 1905 McFee was fired from the office in Finsbury Pavement. He had mixed up some mechanical drawings. Not a very serious error, as his employer offered him an excellent testimonial; but at this time his uncle offered him a job on one of his ships, bound for Trieste. So, after twenty-four years, he went back to the sea, as engineer on the S. S. *Rotherfield*.

III

With brief intervals of life on land Mac has spent the last ten years on the water. That he loves the sea, no one can doubt after reading *Casuals of the Sea;* but the monotony and forced inaction of life on board ship often became tiresome. But these ten years have been for McFee the most wonderful university course that a man could ever have. It is hard to imagine a place where it would be harder to keep up ambition than in the stuffy bunk of an engineer on a tramp steamer; but McFee's determination has never faltered. A list of the books he has read on his voyages fills one with amazement. One letter, in 1912, speaks of Sallust, Florus Paterculus, Livy, Gibbon, Shakespeare, Horace, Balzac, Tolstoy, Whitman, Goethe, and Emerson. These were his fodder for one Mediterranean voyage! Unlike most engineers, he was never content with engineering alone: his chief's certificate was to him the beginning and not the end. His letters, which have come to me almost every week for ten years, from every quarter of the globe, are a vivid running chronicle of a mind always eager, always curious, and a pa-

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tient persistence behind it. He worked at *Casuals of the Sea* for six or seven years.

Here is a letter from the Mediterranean, dated July, 1912, which gives an interesting vignette of McFee at sea:

Of course now I have got everything running smooth, being Lord of Below, I have a soft time. The only work I have done since leaving port is to take half a dozen sets of Indicator Cards from the engines, work them out, combine them and make a general deduction of efficiency. I leave the slaving to the Second. Clad all day long in white drill, horizontal in deck chairs beneath the awnings, or ensconced in the Skipper's room, he and I endeavour to pass the time. He finds it very monotonous, seven days a week and nothing to do. But I find it very good. I get up at 7:30, breakfast at 8 and from 9-11:30 enjoy the spectacle of the other three at work. The Second being thoroughly competent, though without a spark of imagination to assist him, I am not needed very much. When my room has been done I retire and proceed to do my daily whack of writing. This averages five hundred to six hundred words. After dinner I smoke and read and doze until 3, when a cup of tea rouses me up and I start in writing again perhaps, or on serious reading. This Voyage I am going through Sallust, Florus Paterculus and Livy on Roman History. Gibbon I am revising. Shakespeare's Tragedies and the Poems of Horace. Also I am fagging at intervals through a *History of Modern Italian Literature* and a small book on the *History of Language*. This is the reason I am not bored to death with the monotony. At all times of the day I have something to do or think of. From 8 to 12 at night I am ostensibly on watch, but I never go near the engine room, but continue my studies. And they pay me £18 a month and £3 bonus for this, and all found! To most marine engineers this is the Top of the Tree. At this period they slack back the muscles they have been straining so long, slack back their minds and let them rust in inaction, grow obese and unwieldy in body and in mind, inclined to spirituous indulgence. Frankly they think me a maniac because I hold this to be only the beginning.

McFee had been writing ever since his teens; as early as 1901 and '02 he was trying to place stories with the magazines; in 1906, on board his first ship, he was making good progress with *Letters from an Ocean Tramp*. He wrote about this time:

I am soaking in "copy" through the pores of my skin in this steamship. I shall never be a sailor man—I'm too interested in everything. . . . I had reached the No. 3 winch when a big sea came aft—the next moment I was flung face down on the poop by the wheel. The Fourth Engineer coming out of his quarters was swept clean into Kingdom Come. And he had bought a lot of ostrich feathers for his lassie, too.

In September, 1907, McFee took rooms in Clifford's Inn, and went up for his Board of Trade examination. He received a grade of ninety-eight per cent. In November of that year he was appointed as third engineer on the S. S *Burrsfield* to Savannah. At this time Cassell and Company accepted his first book, *Letters from an Ocean Tramp*. Of course McFee was keenly interested by his colleagues on shipboard. Their lack of knowledge of anything beyond their professional routine was galling to him. He writes:

I get mad sometimes. You see my safety valve is lifting now. But I'm not lonely. I buy a fresh stock of books every voyage, leaving the ones I have read at home. This trip I have Dryden, Macaulay, Chaucer, Boswell, Goldsmith, Otway, Farquhar, Thackeray, Gorky, Ruskin, Chapman, Lessing and others. I know nothing about American art, but I cannot see any one who can hold a candle to their own classics, such as Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Greeley and Ingersoll.

In January, 1908, McFee wrote from sea:

I think honestly I had luck in finding my market so quickly. Cassells, by the way,

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praise my work as warmly as anybody, and even compare a lot of it with George Gissing at his *best,* and I am reminded by that of his terrible bad luck. There was a man, as fine a literary Artist as any of his time, brought down to selling Gas-Jets in the United States and almost begging from door to door. Now he is dead, they put him with the immortals. Think of it: Gas-Jets! A man who was a scholar as well as a genius. All the same I agree entirely that one's luck *must* be backed by hard work. And writing in one's bunk after eleven hours' manual toil, plus anxiety and the certainty of being hauled out at midnight, is horrible.

IV

Letters from an Ocean Tramp purports to be the confessions of a literary man actually living the life of an engineer, at sea and in port. *From a Seaweed Bed* was the first title. It had a double application. The letters were actually written while he lay on a seaweed mattress; and the imaginary writer was eventually lost at sea. At times McFee had to go for seventy days with never more than four hours' consecutive sleep, and at a time when the engine-room thermometer registered 132° F. Some of the engineers collapsed, but Mac seemed to thrive on it. In the summer of 1908 he was in Japan, working on a new book, *Casuals of the Sea,* and at the same time accumulating a lot of copy for stories in the future. The editor of the *Spectator* wrote asking to see some samples of McFee's work. If he could have seen the high pressure slide valve and the six empty beer bottles on the plush settee in his cabin it would have given him a start! At this time Mac was doing some sketches of Mediterranean cities called "Cameos of the Sea."

For years I had been trying to persuade my old friend to visit me in the United States. Since the San Francisco earthquake I had settled near New York. By this time he had risen to the top of his profession as a marine engineer, and there seemed no reason why he should not abandon the sea to take up the literary game seriously. In August, 1912, he left Glasgow and walked all the way to London to get copy for a book he had long planned. Then he took a ship to Wilmington, North Carolina, and thence came to stay with me in Nutley, New Jersey. Here he wrote *Aliens.* This was a happy time for both of us; we used to scour New Jersey on long tramps of thirty or forty miles, talking about everything under the sun. In 1913 he took out his chief's license in the American Merchant Marine, and at the request of the United Fruit Company did some important engineering work for them, both in Brooklyn and in New Orleans. Then he joined the S. S. *Cartago* of their fleet.

Then came the War. In October, 1914, he returned to England and volunteered for the army, but was refused. He felt this keenly. Later, however, he was appointed engineer officer on a British transport. Since then he has spent most of his time at Salonika and Port Said. At the time of the famous Zeppelin raid on London in September, 1915, McFee was in the Liverpool Street Terminal (Great Eastern Railway) when it was bombed. He has written a vivid account of this.

McFee is a very reserved man, partly due perhaps to his deafness, and partly to his really being interested in his own thoughts. He is big boned, with very blond hair and blue-grey eyes, a typical Briton. He is as strong as a bull, but very gentle, passionately fond of children and cats. His physical endurance is remarkable; I have never seen him tired.

As to his literary future, I am not a critic and do not wish to predict. But I have never known a man who would seem to have so many good books stored in his brain. At times he has been discouraged. Only two years ago, after repeated failures to place his manuscripts, he wrote, "Nobody will ever get me to put pen to paper again . . . at sea is the only place where I really feel

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settled and at home." At least he has never written with an eye on the editor's favour. In 1910 he wrote me:

> A——— is always pitching into me. He says I'm on the wrong track and I'll be a failure if I don't do what the public wants. I said I didn't care a blue curse for what the public wanted, nor did I worry much if I never made a big name. All I want is to do some fine and honourable work, to do it as well as I possibly could and there my responsibility ended . . . to hell with writing, I want to *feel* and *see!*

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

In the Jacob Stahl trilogy, we seemed to discern a quality which distinguished it pretty sharply from most of the work of Mr. Beresford's contemporaries. The man Jacob Stahl is modern enough, he succumbs in his time to the temptations of the flesh, is but a groper in spiritual matters, finds his way slowly to a realisation of himself and of what life holds for him. But he finds his way, he never is in real danger of losing it. He has, indeed, that extraordinary asset for a modern hero of fiction, character; not for a moment are we condemned to watch him rambling about in the feeble mazes of mere "temperament." And—double miracle—he is an artist!

We find the same solid mental and moral basis under *These Lynnekers.* Dickie Lynneker is sufficiently unconventional, a hater of shams, a sturdy follower of reality. But he is not eccentric, he is only sincere. There is nothing self-conscious about him, he does not plume himself even upon his honesty: only he looks with mild wonder upon the fellow-beings who surround him, who smother themselves and try to smother him with stuffy evasions and insincerities. Dickie is notable, furthermore, because he does not prove his independence by running amuck among the women. In short, instead of being, like so many alleged heroes of current fiction, a weakling raised to the nth power, Dickie is a strong, healthy man, single of mind and heart, a man such as (if we will only acknowledge it) has been and always will be the leaven of every community and the saviour of every society. Dickie Lynneker's origin is as little promising as possible. The Lynnekers are a tribe of the minor aristocracy. The family type has degenerated to a conforming, hedging, place-seeking, trouble-avoiding, and at the same time complacent and opinionated sort. Dickie's father is a clergyman with a fair living, who, with his efforts to do well by his sons (which means to him educating them for the Church) is in continual battle with insolvency. His two older sons are of the true Lynneker type, and follow the parental path at the parental expense, without a moment's serious digression. Luckily, with Dickie's mother, fresh and relatively plebeian blood has come into the family; and two of the children, Adelia and Dickie, reveal it in strange ways, from the Lynneker point of view. Adela

*These Lynnekers. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Company.
David Blaize. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.
Davenport. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Company.
The Roundabout. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company.
The Thirteenth Commandment. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Unspeakable Perk. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
Blow the Man Down. By Holman Day. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Gold Trail. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company.

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escapes from the close air of her home by running away to Canada with a son of the village carpenter, a perfectly respectable fellow, who makes her very tolerably happy. Dickie, however, is the nonconformist with whom we are really concerned. He fails to display at public school that smooth proficiency which has won scholarships for his elder brothers. He has a strong bent for mathematics, but that is not a Lynneker subject; and when the parental shoe pinches more and more strictly, it is Dickie who is permitted to give up his university chances. He enters a local bank, and shows such ability and industry that in a few years he is offered the cashier's berth. Meantime, however, he has been by no means tied to the treadmill. He has kept up his mathematical studies faithfully, has made progress also in less tangible but not less vital studies of human character and relations. From the bank and his prospect of the cashier's box he is released by a London financier; as his secretary Dickie has experience of the better side of "big business," and comes very near losing himself in the money game. But again something human and seeking within him intervenes. To his family's final consternation and befuddlement, he refuses an offer of partnership with the magnate, and accepts a post of assistant at the Greenwich Observatory. "I'd like to do something useful," he puts it to the aghast family circle; "formulate some practical theory of the nebulæ, or something like that. It'll take me ten years' grind, of course, to get familiar with the detail. . . ." So we leave him content with his prospect, happy in the wife he has found—the despair of "the Lynnekers," a man who has escaped the traps and the treadmills, and fairly come into his own.

David Blaize is another "life" story, in the essential meaning of the term. It carries its central figure only to the verge of manhood, but it brings him to that boundary as one who has found himself, as one furnished with chart and compass for the difficult passage beyond. In short, this story, like the story of Dickie Lynneker, is a study of developing character, instead of a chronicle of ranging and goalless "temperament." David is of a more conforming type than Dickie, but he also has a sturdy strain, a natural instinct for decency and honesty, and the right thing, which protects him from the grosser temptations of boyhood, keeps him clean and strong and "fit" for the joyous and serious business of living. On the surface, he is merely the English school-boy once more—a Tom Brown "to date." How familiar to us, with our totally different experience and theory of school life, story-telling has made the atmosphere and habit of the English public school! And how little, by their testimony, that atmosphere changes with the years. Fagging, footer, the tuck-shop, Jones Major and Minor,—all the complicated lingo connected with the job of being a school-boy,—exploits out of bounds, floggings by the head-master—there is variation, but no radical change in these matters, from generation to generation. Perhaps the institution of flogging is the item that most sharply differentiates English school life from our own. David Blaize is a thoroughly wholesome, natural boy, with not a vicious streak in him of any sort. His masters appreciate him as such. They know that such mischievousness and insubordination as he now and then succumbs to are merely the natural fruits of exuberant health and high spirits. "It's no use," he confesses to Maddox, his best friend and mentor. "Something goes 'fizz' inside me, and I can't help playing the fool. I wish I was older or younger. If I was older, I suppose I should see what a rotter I am, and if I was younger I should simply do what you told me." He is perfectly ingenuous and quite helpless about it, but his friend sees that he is bound to be "sent to the Head to be swished." And presently the big boy of fifteen throws a snowball in a forbidden place, and is duly and contentedly swished by the gentleman and scholar who is not only Headmas-

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ter but official executioner of the great school. The effect of this sort of discipline upon the American boy of that age is commonly devastating; but David and his kind accept it frankly as part of the particular game they are in for.

So David is "swished" by his Head, and "whacked" by his mentor into good behaviour, and duly passes the phase which is between the codling and the apple, and becomes a school mainstay himself. Less superficially, this is a story of boy friendship. The relation between David and Maddox begins in the mechanical bond of fag and master. Maddox is one of the head boys of the school, but has not been guiltless of a hidden grossness which, unsuspected by the Masters, is then prevalent at Marchester. For a moment his relation to David himself hangs in the balance, and it is David's own clean innocence which saves the day for them both. Thereafter there is no flaw in the growth of the pure and strong sentiment which links them. David has in a very serious sense saved Maddox from moral wreck, and Maddox in his turn, by sheer force of his devotion, is to lead David out of the valley of the shadow. Such a theme may easily be over-sentimentalised, but Mr. Benson has not fallen into that error. In this story he has gone far deeper than, in his rôle of entertainer, has been his wont.

Davenport, by the author of *The Catfish,* is also a story of character, in the moral and not the stage sense. Here, to be sure, is a split character, or dual personality. Since Stevenson gave it his broad parabolic handling, the theme has become common enough. Nobody has dealt with it more skilfully or more seriously than Mr. Marriott in the present tale. I have a deep admiration for this writer's style, a vehicle of singular strength and fineness. It is a sublimation of the colloquial—every-day talk as it might be and so seldom is. Through its clear and subtle medium we perceive and by degrees apprehend the odd figure of Harry Belsire. There is no explaining him on grounds of heredity. His father is a vigourous, literal-minded country parson; "too consistent in his masculinity for close quarters" (says the man-of-the-world story-teller). "He gave all and received nothing in the way of impressions. Strictly speaking, he never talked; he made assertions. His entire lack of curiosity made acquaintance comfortable but friendship impossible. He was undoubtedly grateful to me for taking Harry off his mind, though I think that he despised me a little for being able to talk to the boy." Mrs. Belsire is simply the devoted and cheerful mother of a large and rather disorderly brood. They both look with helpless consternation upon poor Harry and his oddities. His giggling and incoherence of a nineteen-year-old they do not mind so much as his occasional lapses into a brilliant and oracular vein, in which he is wont to attribute his good things to this or that imaginary authority. Cator, the man-of-the-world, feels his mystery, and more or less consciously sets himself to solve it. Harry does a little growing up, follows a bent of which he is conscious in becoming an expert photographer, but remains on the surface rather a cub, a person of no dignity or articulation. A few people discern something under the surface—the story-teller, for one, and a Mrs. Orme who is for personal reasons a dabbler in the occult, and the girl Ann Courtney, who loves him, loves, that is, the deeper self she reads between the lines of his otherwise inconsiderable self-utterance. His moments of brilliancy increase, but now always as involving quotation from one Davenport. Nobody ever sees Davenport, but there are rumours of his having been seen in the flesh. And he presently becomes widely known as author of a series of articles which appear here and there in English publications of all sorts. They have a prophetic quality, there is something rare and simple about them. It is some time before people begin to see that they are subversive of the energetic and militant spirit of the times. They represent, indeed, that best in each of us

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which we never permit to influence our joint conduct. Davenport feels the Great War coming, and fights against it with all his might; but he dies with Harry Belsire at the Marne. In what sense this is true, I leave the reader to find out. But without further giving away of the story, cite the quality of the book as a book of ideas. For example, many of Cator's comments: "Intercourse with idealists has the great advantage that you get to grips at once without wasting time over the compliments, explanations, or apologies that are thought necessary when one practical person calls upon another after a long interval." Or here is another suggestive passage for those of us who are trying to find our way through the muddle of current art: "I was reading *Our Village*—a book that I find solacing on account of its pleasant atmosphere, that, nevertheless, allows by implication for all the troubles of human life. This way of writing seems to me much truer than the realistic descriptions of the troubles themselves; because, in real life, everything depends on feeling and very little on facts."

The Englishwoman whose pen-name is J. E. Buckrose (her real name being Mrs. Falconer Jameson) has not a little of Miss Mitford's quality, her quiet and as it were contented manner of commenting upon what she induces us to accept as every-day life. She has an eye also for provincial colour and place-bound humours, as she has sufficiently shown in *Down Our Street* and elsewhere. The Flodmouth of *The Roundabout* is a place of quaint middle-class conventions. The family at Highfield House is such a family as we have long recognised in British fiction—Taylor paterfamilias, martinet and autocrat; Mrs. Taylor, plump and submissive; children in sundry moods of stifled revolt; a family life hinging upon various prescribed rituals, breakfasting, tea-drinking, church-going, mainly for the glory of Mr. Taylor. That gentleman is also a vile snob, and exacts snobbery of his offspring. The time, I should guess, is the eighties, and this is a family of the period. But the story does not lack its modern intention. Mrs. Taylor, her sister Minnie, and two of her three daughters are, in a way, awful examples of the old-fashioned woman. Grace, the oldest girl, trifles too long with her very eligible lover, and becomes an unemployed and bitter old maid. Lucy, the youngest, is sought of a blameless young curate, who later becomes a bishop, but Mr. Taylor puts his foot down, and *her* chances are dished. Alice, the second sister, is of less pliable stuff, and does actually marry her prosperous young carriage-painter. Nor, although this cuts her off from her family, does she repent. Still, despite her revolt, she remains old-fashioned. Her point of view and her married life are like other women's in her period. It is to be her daughter who reveals to her the modern way of being a woman. At the moment of finishing her schooling, she has already settled upon a career. Her mother cannot believe it. "Oh, Dorothy, you can't mean it. You are bored with a dull afternoon, and speaking at random. We must find something for you to do." "Embroidering flowers on linen like Aunt Grace?" retorts the younger generation. "No, thank you. Life is meant for more than that, mother." So Dorothy goes off to her nursing, and leaves her mother to her bridge parties and her housekeeping and her husband and her (as it seems to me) altogether useful and successful life.

From the assiduity with which the novelists are rubbing in the importance of "economic independence" for married women, we must infer that this is really a burning theme in the eyes of a great many novel readers. In *Clipped Wings* Mr. Hughes made out an extremely good case for the woman of genius. His Sheila Kemble, born to the stage and breathing freely only in its atmosphere, cannot safely, we admit, be condemned to mere wifehood and motherhood. In *The Thirteenth Commandment* broader ground is taken. Indeed, it is precisely the ground taken

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the other day by Mr. Webster in *The Real Adventure.* Daphne Kip, like that other modern heroine, is endowed with no particular gifts beyond youth, health, and beauty. What both of them revolt against is the idea of being dependent upon some man for food and clothing. They feel that no marriage based upon such dependence can have the quality of a permanent and satisfying union. The whole thing is put in the nutshell of a paragraph which describes (in this single connection) the three important women in the story,—Daphne, her sister-in-law, and her mother: "Leila had the wisdom of the harem, the sultana craft that enslaves the master by submission, holds him prisoner while embracing his knees and praying for mercy. Mrs. Kip had the wisdom of the American household, the despotism of the good woman who shackles her husband with indignant virtues, and whacks his head with a precept whenever he lifts it up in pride. Daphne had the wisdom of the newest school that asks for comradeship, and a complementary equality, and, demanding freedom, offers it as a fair exchange."

This is all very well as an ideal, but what is Daphne's working theory, what was the working theory of that other aspiring lady of Mr. Webster's? It appears to be that there is no compromise between the woman who is a figure of the harem, an insatiable devourer of her husband's substance, a hopeless idler and victim of ennui, on the one hand, and the business woman on the other. Until these two storied females set out to make their own living they are the one thing, and altogether lamentable; thereafter, they are the other thing and altogether admirable. And in each instance the man in the case comes to heel and humiliates himself as surely the circumstances do not prescribe. Suppose Daphne had restrained her Clay from premarital extravagance instead of encouraging him? Suppose she had married him in the name of courage and common sense, instead of exposing the prospect of their union to all possible risks in the name of personal pride and conceit? Is it true that a wife is ennobled and made safe by her ability to turn a penny as a chorus girl or a vendor of "boudoirwear"? and that in default of such employment there are no reasonable and satisfying ways in which she may employ her spare time? Truly, I believe that if there are now hundreds of wives earning their share of the expenses, there are thousands who are doing nothing of the sort, and yet living fully and successfully, with the aid of their brains and their commonsense, and their instinctive love of that despised thing, domesticity.

While this may be as sincere a piece of work in the author's intention as *Clipped Wings,* it is far less sound in substance. One feels the action being contrived rather than developing, the figures being somewhat cavalierly put through their paces; and the author's voice is too insistent from the wings.

But let us turn away for a moment from tiresome matters like reality and commonsense, and be happy with a frank yarn or two. *The Unspeakable Perk* is a clever novelette, with a tropical island republic for its setting, and revolution and Asiatic cholera to enrich the atmosphere. Place here the beautiful daughter of American Wealth, with a dogmatic father and a persistent suitor on her hands, and an unknown person in goggles with whom she proceeds to philander, and you have our story. I do not recall that the late Richard Harding Davis ever used the goggles business. The properties are supposed to disguise The Unspeakable Perk, who is doubly a creature of mystery. He gives himself out as a roving entomologist, but otherwise gives himself out not at all, and is looked upon with suspicion and disfavour by all the island community, native and foreign. Our coquettish heiress stumbles upon him in his solitude, and takes him captive. He knows that cholera has arrived, and that a native insurrection threatens, and plans to get her and her party off the

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island before a quarantine is declared. Meantime, in a brush with the natives, he performs valourous deeds. She is half under his spell when the temporary removal of his goggles completes the process. Now, however, the second element of mystery comes into play. This involves a strange woman who is discovered to be sharing his mountain retreat. Heroine displays the usual facility of heroines in believing the worst of her man. Heroine's unsuccessful suitor discovers the truth of his innocence, and magnanimously reports to her. Heroine's party is duly shipped off,—but she remains to wed hero, who is really an expert secretly commissioned to spot the presence of the plague at "Caraçuna." Kiss Curtain.

Of considerably more serious pretensions as a romance of adventure is Mr. Day's *Blow the Man Down*. The tale of the young and gallant master-mariner who is a victim of machinations on the part of rivals and superiors, but finally triumphs against all odds, is not a new one. The present writer, however, retells it with uncommon gusto. He succeeds in giving his narrative a true seatang, with his shanties, and his old salts, and his shipwrecks and perils of all sorts. His prize incident, duly attested in a foot-note, is the turning turtle of an ancient lumber schooner, the imprisonment of her passengers in the hull, and their escape (thanks to the hero) by cutting a way through the bottom. The skipper of this vessel, and father of the blooming maiden who turns out to be the real heroine, is a "character" and no mistake. He is, among other things, past-master of sea-Billingsgate. His robust vein leaves little to the imagination: "You horn-jawed, muck-faced jezebo of a sea-sculpin, you dare to yap out any more of that sculch and I'll come aboard you after we anchor and jump down your gullet and gallop the eternal innards out of ye! Don't ye know that I've got ladies aboard here?" The truth is, Captain Candage, with all the verisimilitude of his Down East lingo and make-up, is somewhat too clearly the stage skipper, a figure as easily identifiable as the immortal Lone Fisherman of *Evangeline*. And a good deal the same thing is true of the story itself. It smacks of reality, its scenes and atmosphere and settings and costumes are "authentic" enough, and yet the whole thing is made to order—the order of romantic convention. Unprincipled Power and its amourous daughter, and modest but determined Worth, and the shy flower of maidenhood which is to be its reward—these are the imperishable materials out of which Mr. Day very efficiently builds his story. But the scenes and episodes and minor characters will interest a good many readers more than the romantic yarn of it. In truth, the fashionable siren who so nearly wins our captain is a hollow feminine contrivance, and sweet Polly who does win him is of a Mary Pickford nature. As for the hero, his real coup is the buying and salvaging of a passenger steamer which has been deliberately wrecked by its owners, for sinister reasons. By dint of heroic labours and superhuman cleverness he wrests from this slender chance a fortune and the means of swinging life his own way, and his enemies are left satisfactorily eating dirt. It only remains for him to discover what is perfectly plain to everybody else, that he loves his Polly and his Polly loves him.

After all the diligence of the romancers, there still remains buried treasure to be dug up! In *The Gold Trail* Mr. Stacpoole, among suitable adventures and perils, permits us to assist at the unearthing of a snug half-million. This has been planted by an adventurer named Lant, beside a river in New Guinea. Lant has then effectively disposed of all his ship's crew except one, and has settled down near by with a native wife and gone to seed. This makes his white companion restive, and he presently kills Lant and makes his escape. For years he roves about, telling his story of the treasure, though concealing his own part in it, and trying

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to get somebody to finance an expedition to bag it. After fifteen years, and this is when the present tale begins, he succeeds in an unlikely quarter. He is setting out from Sydney with two gentlemen-adventurers for companions, when at the last moment a fourth member of the party is foisted upon him, in the person of an old friend whom he has once betrayed. This Captain Hull, who goes nominally as supercargo, becomes the real master of the situation, until the neighbourhood of the treasure is reached, when Macquart, the villain, again tries to betray him, and nearly succeeds. However, this sort of thing cannot be permitted to go too far by any responsible romancer, and Macquart in the end gets his deserts, while the rest get the booty. "Love-interest" is supplied by the presence and activity of the half-breed daughter of the dead Lant, a maiden of amazing charms and virtues, with whom one of the gentleman-adventurers presumably lives happy ever after. The action is well contrived, with far less demand upon the reader's credulity than is common, or really necessary, in a story of this type. There is an approach toward characterisation here also—an element which is by no means essential to pure romance, but which, at least, does no particular harm, other things being equal. The tale's the thing, however, and this is a decidedly good one of its kind.

AMERICANISM—WHAT IS IT?*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THIS little collection of books takes on especial interest in view of the political campaign that is now upon us, with its slogans of "Americanism" and "America First" and other expressions of like meaning. Several of these volumes, but not all, doubtless owe their existence largely to the way in which events have turned the attention of the whole country, as never before, upon discussion of what we can agree upon as constituting Americanism and upon the methods by which these things can be conserved and strengthened. Not many years ago the Americanism of every citizen was taken for granted and it was not considered necessary to talk about it. Indeed, the citizen who has voted at half a dozen presidential elections has come to have a sort of sixth sense about the quality. But it seems to have become advisable for us to have a strict taking of stock of our ideals and purposes and practices and, by way of guidance in the rating of ourselves, individually and collectively, a good many writers of books have been trying to tell us what we must do to preserve our Americanism unsullied and unharmed. The books that are considered here are concerned, in one way or another, with the ideals of our nation and the methods by which we have endeavoured to put them into practice, both at home and in our relations with other nations, and the obligations that lie upon us if we would hand those ideals on, bright and pure and living, to our children.

*Americanism: What It Is. By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Straight America: A Call to National Service. By Frances A. Kellor. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The American Plan of Government. By Charles W. Bacon and Franklyn S. Morse. Introduction by George Gordon Battle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Americanization. By Royal Dixon. New York: The Macmillan Company.

America's Foreign Relations. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. New York: The Century Company.

"AMERICANISM: WHAT IT IS"

In the early chapters of Dr. Hill's book his reasoning is so cogent, his exposition so lucid and his style at once so simple and so fine that it is a pleasure

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to read his pages for their workmanship alone, aside from the importance of their message. The later chapters lack something, occasionally, of judicial quality, of calm, cool, impartial temper in their appraisement of situations and issues. The author sees certain things outstanding in so brilliant a light that it blinds him to modifying facts, circumstances or arguments. But it is evident that he is honest and sincere and profoundly in earnest in his every sentence, and those who see eye to eye with him will be conscious of no such lack. Therefore it will be all the better for their intellectual workings and their conclusions if they will look for it. For disagreement and honest discussion and the constant endeavour to be fair are basic, vital things in our national life.

The first chapter, on "The American Conception of the State," is a notably clear, simple, and forceful exposition of fundamental American ideas. It ought to be printed in booklet form and studied by boys and girls in their teens in every school in the United States. Nor could those who are attempting to teach our aliens the significance of American citizenship find a better means. For the foundation stones of Americanism are all set forth in it in so clear and clean-cut a fashion that there can be no mistaking them. He shows how the conception of the state that was evolved by the American colonists and formulated in the Constitution differed radically from any other conception of government known at that time, and differs still from any other constitutional government in the voluntary renunciations and the triple security with which it provided against the subversion of the personal rights of citizens. In these things he finds the life blood of Americanism. Later on he makes a thought-compelling comparison of the difference between democratic ideals, such as ours, and the imperialistic ideals which have precipitated the European war. Those who are given to repeating in parrot fashion that the Allies are fighting "our battle" would find particular profit in this portion of the book. Dr. Hill shows also that in this radical difference of the American conception lies the reason for the constant misunderstanding of America by European nations and people.

Dr. Hill sees much menace to American ideals in the spirit of Imperialism, which is to be found wherever men are eager, virile and ambitious. It is in the clashing of the spirit of Democracy with that of Imperialism, with its ideals and aims of conquest and power and the state dominant, that Americanism is undergoing, he thinks, a severe test. His own faith is undisturbed in the outcome. Even of the British Empire he says: "It is not its Imperialism but its Democracy that will save the British Empire, if that Empire is to be saved. Its safety lies not in its imperial authority, but in its democratic rule." There are other chapters which deal with the relations of American ideals to world politics, the question of national defence and the perils which the world war has brought to Americanism.

"THE AMERICAN PLAN OF GOVERNMENT"

The authors of this goodly volume have done a most commendable service and their book deserves the widest popular attention. Its service, moreover, is unique, for no other book has ever presented the whole story of the United States Constitution in just this way. The work brings together those portions of the Constitution that deal with related subjects, such as the organisation of Congress, the three divisions of government and the limitations upon legislative government, and, massing together each of these phases, takes up its provisions section by section, and also clause by clause. The quotation of an article or a clause of the document is followed first by a little explanation and comment which afford a background and explain the reasons that led to its adoption. Then follows the judicial history of the provision, telling how it has been called in question or cited in defence of

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rights in the courts and quoting the decisions of judges upon it and its meaning. The result is a complete account, or history, or picture, of our American Constitution, both of its original body and of the soul that has been breathed into it by a hundred and forty years of national life. An immense amount of patient and painstaking labour has gone into the collecting and collating of these judicial decisions. The result is a comprehensive, scholarly and authoritative work that, nevertheless, is written in so interesting a way that the man-in-the-street might very well find it, for an evening or two, a rival attraction to "the movies"—much to the benefit of the quality of his Americanism.

The admirable introduction by George Gordon Battle outlines the circumstances attending the adoption of the Constitution and the controversies that have since been waged over its meaning and calls attention to the three tendencies of our national life and their characteristics that have in turn exercised an influence upon the government. These he distinguishes as the aristocratic tendency that held sway until just before the Civil War, followed after the war by the plutocratic tendency manifest in the great industrial development of the next thirty or more years, while now he finds the democratic tendency paramount.

"STRAIGHT AMERICA"

Miss Kellor's book is a curious compound. Parts of it read like an impassioned campaign speech for the Republican side of the political struggle in which we are now engaged. Also, on some of its pages, its point of view and its basis of fact are so distinctly and so limitedly of the Atlantic seaboard that there are a good many thousands of people in this country lacking in neither intelligence nor patriotism who would never consent to measure their Americanism by her yardstick. Without any doubt a great many readers will be tempted to fling away her book with impatience and disgust because of its misunderstanding and misrepresentation of their convictions and ideals, which they will feel are just as American as hers. And that will be a pity, because, on one subject at least, Miss Kellor has a message that is most important for every American citizen. It is a pity, too, having some important things to say concerning which she knows what she is talking about, that she should adopt this attitude and this manner. They are typical, it is true, of the Eastern edge of the country which is prone to think of itself as the whole country, or, at any rate, as vastly superior to other parts, as, for instance, the great and populous Mississippi Valley, which is every whit as American as the Atlantic seaboard and is, perhaps, even more patriotic. And that unity of the country for which she pleads can never come about as long as one section of it permits itself to adopt that attitude toward another.

But it is when Miss Kellor writes of the problems caused by our immigrant population and our blindness to them that she has a message well worth while and delivers it with earnestness, eloquence and compelling conviction. Her long service with the New York Bureau of Immigration enables her to speak with authority upon both conditions and possible remedies. Not only in this matter but also in what she says of the attitude of the American-ancestored citizen toward his duties as a citizen and toward the immigrant as a prospective citizen her words are words of gold and deserve to be taken to heart by every American and used as one measure of his Americanism. Miss Kellor richly proves the fine quality of her own Americanism in her endeavour to bring home to each individual a keen realisation of his own responsibility for the present ills and the future good of our country.

"AMERICANIZATION"

Like Miss Kellor, Mr. Dixon has had much experience with the work of trying to make American citizens out of immigrants from all quarters of the

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earth and his book is concerned almost wholly with that problem. Some of its chapters which deal with definite efforts, notably those made in Detroit and Syracuse, for the training of immigrants in the English language, in Americanism and the duties of citizenship are informing and inspiring and ought to be of the greatest benefit for the public-spirited in every city with a large alien population—and also in every town with little or much alien population. Syracuse, he says, was by these efforts changed from a place with a large foreign population of many different tongues to an almost wholly English-speaking city.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to give Mr. Dixon so much credence when he deserts his specialty, as he does in a large part of his volume, to indulge in that amusement, which has grown very popular in recent years, known as "rotten-egging" the country. He enters into the sport with zest and apparently finds it so exhilarating that it causes a high degree of mental excitement. In consequence many of his pages are so heated, even frenzied, in their statements that they are quite untrustworthy. They paint a picture of the American nation and people that in its half-truths is shamelessly untrue to the whole reality. We Americans are accustomed to this sort of "lambasting" of ourselves and most of us do it once in a while in connection with some pet interest. We know how little it signifies and therefore it is, for us, of small consequence. But the pity of it is that such things sometimes find their way to other countries, where they belie us among people already biased against us by ignorance and misunderstanding and so help to create that mistaken feeling toward Americans which we wonder at and resent.

Both Miss Kellor's and Mr. Dixon's books are late issues in the Macmillan "Our National Problems" Series.

"AMERICA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS"

A very real need is filled, and filled capably and interestingly, by this comprehensive work by the honourary professor of the history of American foreign relations in New York University. Very few Americans, even of those who know our domestic history fairly well, are familiar with the story of our somewhat complicated relations with the rest of the world. There is even a widely spread and generally believed fairy tale that we have thus far lived a life of isolation and that we are only now just awaking to the fact that we must henceforth, as the parrot phrase has it, "take our place in the family of nations." Mr. Johnson's scholarly work, which evidences long study of the subject itself and of its outlying and tributary matters and thorough familiarity with them, ought to serve as a corrective for that mistaken notion. For it shows that our political dealings with the rest of the world have always been many, important, and often complicated and difficult and that they have usually been carried on with dignity, resourcefulness and wise and shrewd statesmanship, in a way that ought to make every American proud to read their story. Therefore his book ought to have the widest possible reading. He has the commendable knack of writing in an interesting way and he shows also ability and care in marshalling all the facts that are concerned with any particular subject, no matter how far afield he has to go for them. No one who is interested in the history of our country will find a dull page in the entire two volumes.

Mr. Johnson shows that our foreign relations had their beginnings before the Revolution in the jealousies and intrigues of the European nations which sought to strike at each other through the American colonies and he shows also that even in those early days America had begun to be of consequence to Europe through the reflex influence of our civil and religious policies.

A highly interesting part of Mr. Johnson's work is that in which he makes it evident that during the first eight years of our existence as a na-

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tion we had laid the great fundamental principles upon which all our developments of external policies have been based. "In all the more than a century of foreign relationships," he says, "which remains for us to consider, we shall find scarcely a single new principle, but merely a further working out of the principles of Washington's administration." The first of these cardinal doctrines was the equal sovereignty of the United States with the other nations of the world. The second was that of neutrality, "a far greater novelty," he comments, "both to America and to all other powers." The third was that "Europe was no more to use this continent as a fighting ground in her wars, and she was no more to manipulate our politics, our laws and our customs, our commercial and fiscal systems for her advantage." Next he enumerates "the doctrine of the freedom of the seas and the application to naval warfare of a measure of the international law which prevailed in warfare on land." "This principle was embodied," he adds, "in one of our earliest treaties, and it was certainly and altogether in respect of American commerce that the principle was first practically tested." The doctrine of the arbitration of international disputes, of which Franklin and Hamilton were among the earliest advocates in its modern form, was another, and a sixth principle was that of extradition of criminals from one country to another which was established in Gray's treaty with Great Britain.

Mr. Johnson pays some attention to those episodes in our diplomatic history that sometimes led impassioned orators to declaim about the obligations this country is under to sundry European nations for friendly services rendered at opportune moments. And when he gets through with those friendly services and their diplomatic accompaniments and their origins in European politics not even a high power microscope could find reason for national obligation in any of them.

Most admirable is the cool and judicial temper in which almost every page of Mr. Johnson's two volume work is written. Looking back through the perspective of years, he gathers in his facts from every quarter and weighs and balances with entire impartiality. Even in more recent years, when personal feeling pro or con American policies would naturally make much more difficult the preservation of an unbiased judgment, he has evidently, most of the time, scrupulously tried to divest his account of personal prejudice. Nevertheless, he has not always succeeded quite so well as he himself will probably wish, ten years hence, he had done. In the matter of the Spanish-American war, for instance, although he shows to what an extent that conflict was forced upon the government by popular clamour instigated by yellow newspapers, he hardly credits the final offerings of the Spanish Government toward peaceful settlement with as much value as did General Woodford, our minister to Spain, who thought that they would have made the war unnecessary if President McKinley had dared to oppose popular passion. So, also, in the matter of the Panama Revolution he glides with far too much rapidity and complaisance over the part in its making that was played by certain American financial representatives of the interests of the French company and the extent to which they cunningly contrived to mix up the authority of the Government at Washington in their scheme. In fact, he practically justifies the whole proceeding—a proceeding which many good Americans have come, by study of the matter, to consider a blot upon the national honour. When he comes down to very recent years, Mr. Johnson's efforts to keep away from the personal viewpoint in his examination and narration of our foreign policies and relations seem to have ceased entirely. But these fill only a few pages of a work which as a whole it is a pleasure to commend heartily to American readers.

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BLACK FATE VERSUS WHITE FOLLY

THIS old English print depicts, in the terms of the chess board, the precarious condition of the Bourbons at the moment of the outbreak of the French Revolution. The Royal Dynasty is represented by the White, with Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette as the White King and Queen respectively. Queen's Bishop is Cardinal de Rohan, who figured in the famous affair of the necklace. Queen's Knight is Count Fersen and White Rook is the Bastile, which has already been taken. Opposed to the White are the Black King, Terminus, and the Black Queen, Goddess of Reason, supported by five black pawns, representing the people. The board shows the hitherto despised pawns in such a position that they are likely soon to become formidable.

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LAFCADIO HEARN

A DEATH-DAY GATHERING IN JAPAN

THE posthumous honour conferred on Lafcadio Hearn by the Emperor of Japan, the close relations which exist between Great Britain and Japan, and the conspicuous part which the island Empire is taking and is likely to take in the development of affairs in the Orient, must have sent many new and old readers to the "Interpretation" and "Kokoro." The posthumous honour to Hearn is in itself noteworthy as the highest honour of the sort ever conferred on a foreigner, though as Hearn in his later days became not only a Buddhist but a Japanese, he can hardly be reckoned a foreigner. Until the conferment of this honour little enough had been done in Japan in recognition of Hearn's services. A few weeks ago, however, a number of old pupils and admirers at Matsue, in Shimane, the beautiful city on the northern coast of Japan in which Hearn lived so long, arranged a memorial meeting on his death-day.

It was held in the building of the Prefecture, and a high official was present. In an ante-room there was a little exhibition of Hearn's works, with some portraits and some specimens of his handwriting. The meeting would have been entirely Japanese had it not chanced that Mr. Robertson Scott, the author of a number of books on country subjects above the *nom de guerre* "Home Counties," who has been in Japan for nearly a year making an investigation of its rural life and agriculture, chanced to be passing through Matsue; and he and his travelling companion, Mr. Yanaghita, Secretary of the House of Peers and editor of a rural folklore monthly, were invited to attend and speak.

Mr. Yanaghita dwelt on the remarkable hold which Hearn, although there was a strong prejudice against him when he came to the University, obtained on his students; and several letters which were read at the meeting testified to the affectionate regard in which his memory is still cherished by many of the young men with whom he came in contact in other parts of Japan than Tokyo.

Mr. Robertson Scott said that while every foreigner who wants to know something of Japanese life and feeling owes a debt to Hearn, he was glad that that meeting was a meeting of Japanese. For, in view of some criticisms he had heard of Hearn in Japan, he had considered whether some Japanese had realised what conception Europe and America would have had of Japan if there had been no Hearn. Whatever her army and navy, her commerce and shipping had taught the world about Japan, it was Hearn who had made it understand something of her soul. What was wrong about so many books about Japan was not that their facts were wrong. What was wrong was their author's attitude of mind. Some Japanese had said that Hearn was "too poetical," and that "some of his inferences were inaccurate." That was as might be. What mattered most was that the mental attitude of Hearn was right. He did not approach the study of Japan as a mere collector of facts or as a superior person. What he brought was the humble, studious, imaginative, sympathetic attitude; and it was only by a man of his rare type that one country could be interpreted to another.

The famous "house in the Kitabori-machi," in which Hearn lived in Matsue is reverently preserved by its present owner, and an increasing number of Hearn lovers find their way thither. The walled garden is very much the same as it was in Hearn's day, except that the pond at the back of the house has been filled up.

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GEORGE MOORE'S NEW BOOK*

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

AN acute critic once remarked that "some men kissed and never told and that others never kissed and always told"; then he consigned George Moore to the latter class. There is no doubt that the manner in which the author of *Memoirs of My Dead Life* licked his chops over alleged conquests has prejudiced many of those who had acknowledged the power of *Esther Waters*. Possibly age, too, may have nicely decorated his past with a studied consciousness lacking in that early collection of careless contradictions so fascinatingly revealed in *The Confessions of a Young Man*. But the George Moore of *Mike Fletcher* (that little read tragedy of introspection), *A Mummer's Wife, A Drama in Muslin* and *Celibates,* while never pleasant, had at least a refreshing frankness in dealing with sex, unsentimentalised by personal intrusion. And, in thinking over his long literary activity, no one can fail to recall the impression made by *Evelyn Innes* and *The Lake;* especially since they embody two subjects most frequently correlated in his works: sex and religion. The externals of religion, with their appeal to sensation, have always interested him, and one finds this best expressed in *Sister Theresa,* written while under the influence of Huysman. So although, at first, *The Brook Kerith* may seem a departure because of its religious theme, yet it is in line with his general subjects. In his new novel, however, with the exception of one or two characteristic passages, sex is eliminated as a source of complication. Perhaps this is inevitable, since it deals with Jesus.

Though the early chapters deal with Joseph of Arimathea, they are craftily conceived to arouse an interest in Jesus. Here the method of the historical novelist is utilised: local colour, scenery, bits of customs are pictured to evoke the period. Much time is taken to suggest the social relations and the strong family ties which Joseph has in common with all the other Jewish families. The reason for this becomes apparent later, when he meets Jesus, who having been baptized by John, has left His flock to foretell the end of the world. To Moore there are two personalities combined in his conception of Jesus: the one who gradually grows to utter violent commands and the other who preaches the Sermon on the Mount.

Like Bernard Shaw in his introduction to *Androcles and the Lion,* Moore feels that the changing point came when Jesus began to believe and admit that He was the Messiah, prophesied in the Book of Daniel. And the subtly suggested motive which led Him into Jerusalem to His crucifixion was pride. Yet there is nothing ironical in Moore's handling of these scenes; and those in which Joseph takes Him from the tomb and nurses Him back to health, with the aid of Esora, are the most tender and moving in the book. Little emphasis is placed upon the crucifixion itself, since Moore is concerned with what he feels is a deeper tragedy. Considering Him as one of the great men of the ages how will He react when He discovers the myth of His resurrection made an essential part of religion? It is this radical proposition the author sets himselve to solve in the major part of his long story.

Moore accepts the legend that Jesus was an Essene, a communal group of Jews who practised poverty, and it is to

*The Brook Kerith. By George Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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their cenoby by the Brook Kerith that He goes after His recovery. He becomes a shepherd and the years roll by. Never does He tell His story, for He seems only to be interested in the external life of the community. Moore treats this in the same detail with which he has so frequently pictured conventual life. Here Jesus learns of Joseph's death, and one senses a growing inner tragedy. This is revealed shortly after Jesus sees a thief upon a cross. It is then that He admits to Himself that He committed a great sin against God in believing He was the Messiah.

Later Paul, escaping from his enemies for preaching Christianity, flees to the Brook Kerith and is sheltered by the Essenes. Here occurs a most vivid stretch of writing, in which Paul narrates the story of his wanderings. Paul has a peculiar fascination to the author, who skilfully makes the writer of the Epistles reveal his own character, so uncompromising as to the end and yet so compromising as to the means. The meeting with Jesus is thus twenty years after the Crucifixion. "And who are the Christians?" Jesus asks. He is bewildered. He sees now what his "sin" has done and He resolves to go to Jerusalem and tell the truth.

In my teaching I wandered beyond our doctrines and taught that this world is but a mock, a sham, a disgrace, and that naught was of avail but repentance. John's teaching took possession of me. . . . His teaching was true when he was a teacher, but when I became his disciple his teaching became false; it turned me from my natural self and into such great harshness of mind that in Nazareth when my mother came with my brothers and sisters to the Synagogue, I said, woman, I have no need of thee, and when Joseph of Arimathea returned to me after a long attendance by his father's bedside, I told him he must learn to hate his father and mother if he would become worthy to follow me. But my passion was so great in those days that I did not see that my teaching was not less than blasphemy against God, for God has created the world for us to live in it, and He has put love of parents into our hearts because He wishes us to love our parents, and if he has put into the heart of man love of woman, and into the heart of woman love of man, it is because He wishes both to enjoy that love. . . . In telling this story I am but doing the work of God; no man strays very far from the work that God has decreed for him. But in the time I am telling I was so exalted by the many miracles which I had performed by the power of God or the power of a demon, I know not which, that I encouraged my disciples to speak of me as the son of David, though I knew myself to be the son of Joseph, the carpenter. . . .

Naturally Paul considers Him a madman. And throughout the pages which follow Jesus is slowly forced to see that He will never be able to convince people of the truth of His story and that He must ever remain an outcast from His people. Though He starts toward Jerusalem He gives it up and retires into the hills, from where, it is intimated, He later went to preach in India—an old legend. And thus He voluntarily leaves Paul to spread the doctrine which He Himself has repudiated. This resolution is, of course, but another way of subtly attacking Pauline Christianity; for, as one character remarks, "all religion is founded on a lie."

The legend that Jesus did not die upon the cross, but was revived by Joseph, is not new in itself: it has done service in several stories, notably one by Frank Harris. But it will be seen from the hasty summary of the novel, that its whole development, its revolutionary basic idea, will shock and offend those capable of feeling irreverence. Yet no historical novel can be judged too rigidly. Fiction demands its own license and in this instance theologians, who differ so widely among themselves, will join together in finding flaws. That Moore may have been guilty of selecting facts to prove a theory is the weak place in his armour. It is only fair to any author, however, that he has a right

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to select his theme. One may question his taste—and Moore has frequently merited that censure. Yet in the last analysis he must be measured by his aim and treatment. In this respect *The Brook Kerith* will take its place beside the very best in contemporary fiction. No one ever doubted his artistry even in his personal maunderings, which have so often made his sincerity a matter of question. And it will no doubt be questioned amid the wide controversies this compelling novel is bound to excite. But the censorship of religious prejudice will not mar the fact of his remarkable literary achievement. Not once does he descend to the vulgar sensationalism with which his radical juxtaposition of ideas and characters might have been treated. In fact nothing he has written has such sustained beauty and dignity. His limpid style flows with a quiet persistency. Seldom does heresy go so panoplied.

TEN POINT PARAGRAPHS

Loues

"WATERLOO is avenged." So spoke a Frenchman on Epsom Downs when a French horse cantered home winner of the historic English Derby. That, according to the story, an English Duke, standing by, made an ungracious retort has nothing to do with the case. Twenty years ago the Olympic games were held in Athens. It was the first revival of the ancient sport. Day after day the Greeks had watched the moiling athletes with sinking hearts. Their countrymen seemed destined to no share in the laurels. Last of all on the programme was the great event, the Marathon. From the hills came Loues, an Attican farmer. He had had no special training, but at the last moment he entered his name for the gruelling struggle, imbued with the idea that he and he alone must save the honour of his native land. Life was not to count. He had himself prepared for the last rites of the Church. The story of how he ran the Marathon and won has been told by Mr. James B. Connolly, in *An Olympic Victor*. All Greece went wild over the victory. It revived the ancient glories of the land. The indomitable spirit of the Attican farmer was the spirit of Leonidas at the Pass of Thermopylæ.

A Day Dream

The mad world may grow sane. But the flame of battling patriotism will burn ever so brightly. In a million German homes the story will be told and retold. German hearts will beat fast and exultant; a nation will thrill. Victory! The victory of the Stadium at Luxembourg! Before a quarter of a million eyes the tide of battle had ebbed and flowed. Early in the second period the swift French backs had fought their way forward. The German goal posts were but ten yards away. Then from fifty thousand throats came the strains of "The Watch on the Rhine," imploring, defiant. And in response to that call *the German line held*. But above all the glorious finish. A scoreless tie, and a minute to play. From the foot of the Norman fullback the ball rises, carries fifty yards, and striking the ground, bounds along treacherously in the shadow of the German goal. It is the great moment in the life of Quarterback Von Hausen of Dantzic. Snapping up the ball and eluding by a twist of the body the outstretched arms of the down charging Lorraine end, he is off to the right and to the left. His interference has formed and bowled over the nearest French tacklers. Steering a zig-zag course Von Hausen dashes past the

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white chalk lines. A straight arm disposes of the last desperate bulwark of French defence; panting, he hurls himself across the line squarely between the goal posts,—and the German world goes wild. The repulse at the Marne, the disaster before Verdun, even the final crumpling up of the German armies about Strasbourg—mere nightmares of a barbaric past,—long since forgotten by agreement by two great and generous nations. But on a fair field German physical prowess has won; and again and again the great ampitheatre rocks:

Treu steht und fest die Wacht am Rhein!

A dream? Perhaps. But is it not strife — physical strife — rather than bloody war that the German Bernhardi should have characterised as a biological necessity?

• • •

College Spirit

A few million American youths and men talk about the "College Spirit." Just what is it, this "College Spirit"? "College Spirit" does not mean that you are fired by the news that your Alma Mater has won the triangular debate—"Resolved that the Tariff, and So forth"—or made a clean sweep in the chess tournament, or produced a fifteen-year-old Senior who is a mathematical prodigy. It means that the Siwash man wants to see Kiowa "smeared" all over the gridiron, or all the Kiowa pitchers pounded out of the box in the first inning. It means touchdowns, and three-baggers, and boat lengths of open water, and smashed track records. It means that, as an old Alumnus, come to forty years, with grizzled temples and crow's feet about the eyes, you are as keen as any Sophomore to go down on the field and help plug up that hole at left tackle. It means that if you go to the game with your closest friend, a grizzled Alumnus of the enemy institution, your politely lying, hypocritical lips say, "I hope we see a closely contested, gentlemanly played game," but that your heart says, "Dash you! I'd like to see it a million to nothing"—and that his heart is saying the same. It means that your worse nature resents conditioning professors and the Dean who is inclined to lean backwards. Many there are who do not understand this spirit, and who condemn it. Perhaps those whose lives lie in the academic atmosphere deplore it most. But is it not a healthy, natural outlet for mankind's world-old spirit of strife? Is there not something to be considered in the point of view of the man who sees in the future international sport on a vast scale as a material factor in the work of preserving the world's peace—a physical safety valve of the nations?

ANNOUNCEMENT

How many of the readers of the present generation know anything of the thrillers of the fifties? How many are there to whom Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is more than a name—if it be even that? Yet once that name was a name to conjure with. Tens of thousands followed eagerly in the pages of the old New York "Ledger" the adventures of Capitola, of "The Hidden Hand," and of Ishmael Worth, and of Erma, of "The Bride's Ordeal," and of Sybil, of "Cruel as the Grave," and its sequel, "Tried for Her Life." Of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and her novels Edna Kenton has written in a paper to be published in the October BOOKMAN.

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LOCKERBIE STREET

BY ROSE HENDERSON

It must be lonely in Lockerbie Street,
Since the joyous singer has gone away.
There must be a sigh when the children meet
Under the trees to play.
And who will sing them the beautiful lore
That the Children's Poet may sing no more?

But the sun shines on in Lockerbie Street,
Gay as the spirit that lingered there.
The wind laughs out through the shadows fleet,
Dashing and debonaire,
And the old round moon smiles calmly down
Over the roofs and the chimneys brown.

Smile for us still, O Lockerbie Street,
Wistful and brave and true.
Send us back to our worlds to meet
Life that your poet knew,
Life that is tender and clear and sweet.
Lockerbie Street, *our* Lockerbie Street.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY ON A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER*

A REMINISCENCE

BY LOUISE PARKS RICHARDS

In the youthful days of James Whitcomb Riley chance made him for a few months one of a little company of advertising agents in central Indiana, whose brushes emblazoned upon country barns and village fences the remedies of patent-medicine men, and spread abroad the fame of such merchants as could afford it.

Riley's extraordinary dexterity in free hand drawing, without measurement or *"laying off,"* was a matter of wonder to the onlooker, and his career as a so-called "sign painter" has never been permitted to go out of mind by certain local reminiscences, whose competitive zeal, however, has doubtless pushed it into the foreground out of all proportion to the general perspective.

With little or no significance in the formative influences that fashioned his life, this incident did none the less bring him to the town of Anderson, which came to stand as one of the milestones in his development.

Through an influential friend he obtained the position of local editor on the Anderson *Democrat* and, grateful for

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an opportunity to write—as yet no matter what—set about with a good will gathering "locals," and improving his chance to print his poems. To the *Democrat* he brought with his verses all the wit with which he had been accustomed to regale his little circle of friends, and the mock seriousness with which he took himself and the paper made it for a time a more welcome sheet in Anderson households than would have been a comic almanac. His original items of city and country news, and his quaint "personals," were often sandwiched with such rhymes as the following:

When'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see
Who sigh to read the *Democrat*
Through all eternity.

In the spring our widowed neighbour
Climbs the fence that intervenes,
Borrows from our wife the paper,
Leaving us a mess of greens.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with sprightly air
Was clearing her voice to say,—
"Read aloud:" to the child that sat
On the grandfather's knee with the *Democrat.*

Soon after Riley's connection with the paper, the following announcement appeared on the front page:

THE ANDERSON DEMOCRAT
——is a——
GOOD LITTLE PAPER
——and you——
OUGHT TO BE KIND TO IT.

It ain't the best paper in the "State," or if it is, it won't acknowledge it, for, some way, it feels that the market is already glutted with that brand. No, it is simply
GOOD:
and you ought to love it.

Riley was often sharply rebuked for inattention to business, and informed by the senior editor that his duty was to collect "items," and not to fill up with his poetic "drivel and nonsense." It was news that was wanted, and not rhymes; and so it came that the poet's literature began to migrate, first to the second, then to the third, and finally to the last page of the paper.

The distrust of Riley's poetic vagaries, with their lack of utility in a country newspaper, was not lessened by such poems as that of "Craquedom" and "Wrangdillon," in the latter of which his fancy played stranger tricks than usual:

Dextery, tethery, down in the dike,
Under the ooze and the slime,
Nestles the wraith of a reticent gryke
Blubbering bubbles of rhyme.

Then when this "Wrangdillon"

——sinks to the dregs, in the dead of the night,
And shuffles the shadows about,
And gathers the stars in a nest of delight,
And sits there and hatches them out,

the practical, news-searching readers of the *Democrat* ceased to follow the wild flight of imagination that only ended when

The gryke blots his tears with a scrap of his grief,
And growls at the wary graygrole
As he twunkers a tune on a Tiljicum leaf
And hums like a telegraph pole.

In reply to an inquiry in the pages of a neighbouring contemporary as to the meaning of such weird creation, Riley answered in the *Democrat* that he believed such effusions to be "a sort of poetic fungus that springs from the decay of better effort." He went on to explain:

"After long labour at verse, you will find there comes a time when everything you see or hear, touch, taste, or smell, resolves itself into rhyme, and rattles away till you can't rest. I mean this literally. The people you meet upon the streets are so many disarranged rhymes, and only need proper coupling. The boulders in the sidewalk are jangled words. The crowd of corner loungers is a mangled sonnet with a few lines

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lacking. The farmer and his team an idyl of the road, perfected and complete when he stops at the picture of a grocery and hitches to an exclamation point.

—— from this tireless something which
Beats time to nothing in my head
From some odd corner of the brain!

I walk, I run, I writhe and wrestle—but I cannot shake it off. I lie down to sleep, and all night long it haunts me. Whole cantos of incoherent rhymes dance before me, and so vividly, at last I seem to read them as from a book. All this is without will power of my own to guide or check; and then occurs a stage of repetition—when the matter becomes rhythmically tangible at least, and shapes itself into a whole of sometimes a dozen stanzas, and goes on repeating itself over and over and over 'til it is printed indelibly on my mind.

"This stage heralds sleep at last, from which I wake refreshed and free from the toils of my persecutor; but—some senseless piece of rhyme is printed on my mind, and I go about repeating it as though I had committed it from the pages of some book. I often write these jingles afterward, though I believe I never could forget a word of them.

"This is the history of the 'Craquedom.' This is the history of the poem I give below ('Wrangdillon'). I have theorised in vain. I went gravely to a doctor on one occasion, and asked him seriously if he didn't think I was crazy. His laconic reply that he 'never saw a poet that wasn't!' is not without its consolations."

In obedience to the demands for news items, and as a kind of compromise between poems and locals, he began to write a series of advertisements, filling whole columns with a continued strain of verse which ran for more than two months; in fact, until he ran out of material and himself out of the *Democrat*. In long, short, and common meter, in pentameter and tetrameter, hexameter and heptameter, he sung of the bakers and the bankers, the druggists and the dentists, the grocers and the grinders, the merchants and the milliners, the tailors and the tinners, sounding their praises throughout the borders of Madison County.

The introduction gave a fair promise of what was to follow:

ANDERSON.

An Idyl of To-day.

The Blunt Blade of Business Ground to an Ethereal Edge—Our Feet at the Crank.

Motto: Grind till the last armed (?) foe expires.

Invocation.

O courteous Muse, you have served me so long
As guide thro' the devious highways of song;
And ever have led me with willingest hand
Adown the dim aisles of that fanciful land,
Where even Aladdin—the luckiest scamp
That ever was spared by a kerosene lamp—
Not happier was, or more burdened with bliss
Than the poor impecunious writer of this.
And as I recall with a rapturous thrill
The ripe fruits of rhyme which I gathered at will—
The lush juicy clusters on Poesy's tree
That weighed down the limbs to accommodate me,—
The jet of my thanks flashes into a blaze
That will brighten my life all the rest of my days.
And so as the gas glimmers over my brow
And gleams on the pencil I am writing with now—
And glances from that with a jocular flash
To redden already my ruddy mustache;—
I can but give over all yearnings for fame,
To write a few lines with the singular aim
Of pleasing the world with an Idyl that rings
The music of business and practical things.
And ever indulged and generous Muse,
You may give me occasional lifts, if you choose—
If not I shall stagger along all the same,
And so if I falter, why yours is the blame.

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This business "Idyl," which went on to give nearly one hundred rhyming notices, was a great success, and challenged the wonder of the patrons of the *Democrat*. Even the "grangers" could understand this kind of poetry.

In these few months, when day and night his brain was in a maddening whirl of rhyming groceries and merchandise, with a list of "personal mention" threatening him with distraction, the poet's inner, better thoughts were clamouring for expression. Turning from his medley of cares and wares, he always found sympathetic converse in his artist friend, Samuel Richards, with whom walks and talks led to many an outburst of hidden hope and smothered sentiment.

The death of Richards's baby boy made upon Riley one of the deep impressions of his life. For the first time he found himself one of the bearers of a funeral bier; for the first time he cou'd not speak to his friend of what was in his heart. But a few days later there appeared the following lines dedicated to a child:

HARLIE.

Let flowers be the baby's epitaph.

Fold the little waxen hands
Lightly. Let your warmest tears
Speak regrets, but never fears,—
Heaven understands.
Let the sad heart o'er the tomb
Lift again and burst in bloom,
Fragrant with a prayer as sweet
As the lily at your feet.

Bend and kiss the folded eyes—
They are only feigning sleep
While their truant glances peep
Into Paradise.
See the face, tho' cold and white,
Holds a hint of some delight
E'en with Death, whose finger tips
Rest upon the frozen lips.

When within the years to come,
Vanished echoes live once more—
Pattering footsteps on the floor,
And the sounds of home,—
Let your arms, in fancy, fold
Little Harlie as of old—
As of old, and as he waits
At the City's golden gates.

When this exquisite poem appeared in the town paper, it was simply signed R.; but the initial meant quite as much as did James Whitcomb Riley, or the J. W. Riley, over which he was accustomed to write. In those days Riley felt himself much handicapped by his name, which he declared led all the rest on the roster of commonplace names.

"What can a man ever hope to be who must sign himself *J. W. Riley?*" he would often say, especially at the arrival of his poems on their usual return trips from the magazines. He claimed to believe there was not so much in what a man wrote, as in the name over which it was written, especially after a reputation has once been established. Then the public is no longer critical, he insisted, but ready to accept anything from an author who has been passed into the register of noted recognition. He declared he would be willing to wager that, if he were to write a poem over a name already known to fame in literature, it would be received without question, regardless of its merit.

This assertion, made and received half in jest, half in earnest, gave rise to a very significant episode in the life of the young poet. It was some days afterward, in the law office of a mutual friend where Riley and Richards and a few others often rendezvoused.

Riley seemed nervous, when hesitatingly he took from his pocket a piece of paper, saying: "Last night I couldn't sleep, and so I got out of bed and wrote this." Impatient at Riley's trepidation, the lawyer took the paper from him, and read aloud the lines of a poem entitled "Leonanie," written in the style of Edgar Allan Poe.

It was enthusiastically received and commented upon, when Riley announced that this little poem was to be the test of his theory as to the value of a reputation. A plan of local campaign-

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ing was afterward decided upon, from which no end of amusement was to be realised, and which was to settle the oft disputed question. As to any weighty consequences which might arise from this experiment there was no thought.

A young college graduate in a neighbouring town had just started on the ambitious career of an editor on a county paper. His tastes, however, were rather those of a student than of a law-giver in local politics, and consequently he became deeply interested in the poetry of the Anderson *Democrat,* which he found among his exchanges. He copied these poems into his own paper, with most laudatory comment, although the author was to him unknown. He surmised, however, that these unsigned but "leaded" poems must be from some member of the *Democrat* office.

Riley had been touched by this neighbourly recognition, for at home *his* editor-in-chief had few words of encouragement, and in the fulness of his heart he had written to express his gratitude for the "friendly hand extended out of the impenetrable." His doubt of any wider appreciation than that near home, however, he made no attempt to conceal, for, "of course," he wrote, "these Eastern critics will say that nothing good can come out of Indiana,—that this is not the soil out of which poets grow—besides the name *Riley* is enough in itself to wither any prospect." As a still further stumbling block, he humourously enumerated, among other characteristics of his pen, that of writing *"while* when Eastern authors write *whilst."*

When "Leonanie" was written, Riley naturally turned to his unseen admirer of the Kokomo *Despatch,* explaining by letter the proposed joke, and asking his co-operation in launching his poem upon the public, it not being deemed prudent to publish it in the *Democrat,* where its origin might be suspected. The Kokomo editor was delighted with the project, and promised most hearty assistance.

As Riley afterward said, in looking about over the list of dead poets, he had selected Poe as a little in the hoaxing line himself, holding that perhaps he would not particularly care if some liberties were taken with his name. The fictitious account of the origin and discovery of "Leonanie," which Riley himself had devised, had cost him more time and pains than the poem itself, yet this production was rejected as being too fanciful, and one of the Kokomo editor's own manufacture was substituted.

Riley's proposed story of the *discovery of Leonanie* was as follows:

In the woods of Howard County, Indiana, a belated hunter, whom the editor was to represent as himself, had lost his way. A terrific storm broke forth, and as he wandered about in the drenching rain and pitchy darkness, a faint light suddenly appeared in the distance. Guided by its flickering, he made his way toward it, which brought him to a cave-like opening in the side of a hill. (The Kokomo editor claims there isn't a hill in Howard County big enough for a prairie dog to hide in.)

Upon peering into the cavern, he saw a misshapen, hunch-backed dwarf preparing his evening meal over some coals heaped together on the earth floor. The hunter asked for shelter from the storm, which the gnome-like creature only half granted.

In this hermit's room there was a three-legged stool and a rickety table upon which was an old book. The hunter, curiously turning over the leaves, espied on a fly-leaf the lines of a poem, evidently written a long while ago, and signed E. A. P. On being questioned, the little figure of a man, hitherto as uncommunicative as a sphinx, suddenly became alert, and told how it came to be written in his grandfather's inn in Virginia. The details and descriptions from there on were the same as were used in the substituted story, which was published as follows, in the Kokomo *Despatch* of August 2, 1877:

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POSTHUMOUS POETRY

A Hitherto Unpublished Poem of the Lamented Edgar Allan Poe, Written on the Fly-leaf of an Old Book Now in Possession of a Gentleman in This City.

The following beautiful posthumous poem from the gifted pen of the erratic poet, Edgar Allan Poe, we believe has never before been published in any form, either in any published collection of Poe's poems now extant, or in any magazine or newspaper of any description; and until the critics shall show conclusively to the contrary, the *Despatch* shall claim the honour of giving it to the world.

That the poem has never before been published, and that it is a genuine production of the poet whom we claim to be its author, we are satisfied from the circumstances under which it came into our possession, after a thorough investigation. Calling at the house of a gentleman of this city the other day on a business errand, our attention was called to a poem written on the blank fly-leaf of an old book. Handing up the book he observed that it (the poem) might be good enough to publish, and if we thought so, to take it along. Noticing the initials, E. A. P. at the bottom of the poem, it struck us that possibly we had run across a "bonanza," so to speak, and after reading it, we asked who its author was, when he related the following bit of interesting reminiscence:

He said he did not know who the author was, only that he was a young man, that is, he was a young man when he wrote the lines referred to. He had never seen him himself, but heard his grandfather, who gave him the book containing the verses, tell of the circumstance and the occasion by which he, the grandfather, came into possession of the book. His grandparents kept a country hotel, a sort of wayside inn, in a small village called Chesterfield, near Richmond, Virginia. One night, just before bed-time, a young man who showed plainly the marks of dissipation rapped at the door and asked if he could stay all night, and was shown to a room. That was the last they saw of him. When they went to his room the next morning to call him to breakfast he had gone away and left the book, on the fly-leaf of which he had written the lines below.

Further than this our informant knew nothing, and, being an uneducated, illiterate man, it was quite natural that he should allow the great literary treasure to go for so many years unpublished.

That the above statement is true and our discovery no canard, we will take pleasure in satisfying any one who cares to investigate the matter. The poem is written in Roman characters, and is almost as legible as print itself, although somewhat faded by the lapse of time. Another peculiarity in the manuscript which we notice is that it contains not the least sign of erasure, or a single interlineated word. We give the poem verbatim—just as it appears in the original. Here it is:

LEONANIE

Leonanie—angels named her;
  And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
  In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
  In the solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer,
  When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to meet the comer
  Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot, as joy caressed me—
(Lying joy that caught and pressed me
  In the arms of doom):

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper;—

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"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales are told you to deceive you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme;
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem:
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer and lifted
Where my Leonanie drifted
From me like a dream.

E. A. P.

To be able to furnish the proof of Poe's authorship in the event of a possible investigation, it was deemed necessary to counterfeit Poe's handwriting. Lithographic facsimiles of a few lines of that author's original manuscripts having been obtained, Richards, the partner in the coalition, who was an expert with the pen, had gone to work diligently practising with pale ink on the blank pages of old yellowed books, to imitate the chirography of Edgar Allan Poe.

Richards's interest and enthusiasm rivalled Riley's own, and every day his experiments grew more and more like the original. At last the transcript was pronounced beyond detection, the same accuracy in punctuation, the same carefulness in copy, which marked Poe's own manuscripts, having been skilfully imitated. It was then copied on one of the blank leaves of an old *Ainsworth Latin-English Dictionary,* from the lawyer friend's library, and forwarded to the Kokomo editor, who contributed further to the plot by coaching an old man in his town in the rôle of the possessor of the book, and of the grandson of the mythical tavern keeper in Virginia.

The rival of the *Democrat,* the Anderson *Herald,* in copying "Leonanie" from the Kokomo *Despatch* the next week after its appearance, delivered itself of the following:

"We expect a rhapsody of jealous censure from the jingling editor of the sheet across the way, and shall wait with the first anxiety ever experienced for the appearance of the *Democrat.* We look for an exhausting and damning criticism from Riley, who will doubtless fail to see "Leonanie's" apocryphal merit, and discover its obvious faults. As it is, we are led to believe "Leonanie," to quote from Riley, is a 'superior quality of the poetical fungus, which springs from the decay of better thoughts.'"

Sure enough, the poet of the *Democrat* did come out with a long article upon the literary discovery announced in the Kokomo *Despatch,* in which, as he wrote, "the following extract from a lush and juicy article occurs." Reproducing the poem and its strange story, he proceeded with the predicted "jealous censure":

"We frankly admit that, upon first reading of the article, we inwardly resolved to ignore it entirely. Passing the many assailable points of the story regarding the birth and late discovery of the poem, we shall briefly consider first—Is Poe the author of it?

"That a poem contains some literary excellence is no assurance that its author is a genius known to fame, for how many waifs of richest worth are now afloat upon the literary sea, whose authors are unknown, and whose nameless names have never marked the graves that hide their hidden value from the world; and in the present instance we have no right to say: 'This is Poe's work—for who but Poe could mould a name like "Leonanie"?' and all that sort of flighty flummery. Let us look deeper down, and pierce below the glare and gurgle of the surface and analyse it at its real worth.

"Now we are ready to consider,—Is the theme of the poem one that Poe would have been likely to select? We think not; for we have good authority showing that Poe had a positive aversion to children, and especially babies; and then again, the thought embodied in the very opening line is not new—or at least the poet has before expressed it where he speaks of that 'rare and ra-

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diant maiden whom the *angels* name Lenore,' and a careful analysis of the remainder of the stanza fails to discover a single quality above mere change of form or transposition.

"The second verse will be a more difficult matter to contest; for we find in it throughout not only Poe's peculiar bent of thought, but new features of that weird faculty of attractively combining with the delicate and beautiful, the dread and repulsive—a power most rarely manifest, and quite beyond the bounds of imitation. In fact the only flaw we find at which to pick is the strange omission of capitals beginning the personified words, 'joy' and 'doom.' This, however, may be an error of the compositor's, but not probably.

"The third stanza drops again. True it gives us some new thoughts, but of very secondary worth compared with the foregoing, and in such commonplace diction the Poe characteristic is almost lost.

"The first line of the concluding stanza, although embodying a highly poetical idea, is not at all like Poe; but rather so *unlike,* and for such weighty reasons we are almost assured that the thought could not have emanated from him. It is a fact less known than remarkable, that Poe avoided the name of the Deity. Although he never tires of *angels* and the heavenly cherubim, the word *God* seems strangely ostracised. That this is true, one has but to search his poems; and we think we are safe in the assertion that in all that he has ever written the word of God is not mentioned twenty times. In further evidence of this peculiar aversion of the poet we quote his utterance:

> Oh, Heaven: Oh, God:
> How my heart beats in coupling these words!

"The remainder of the concluding verse is mediocre till the few lines that complete it—and there again the Poe element is strongly marked. To sum the poem as a whole we are at some loss. It most certainly contains rare attributes of grace and beauty; and although we have not the temerity to accuse the gifted poet of its authorship, for equal strength of reason we cannot deny that it is his production: but as for the enthusiastic editor of the *Despatch,* we are not inclined, as yet, to the belief that he is wholly impervious to the wiles of deception."

In its next issue the *Herald* man congratulated himself on his fulfilled prophecy. "True to our prognostication of last week," he said, "J. W. Riley, editor of the *Democrat,* slashes into 'Leonanie' in a jealous manner." The poet's criticism and scepticism were further commented upon in a column article.

"Leonanie," with lengthy dissertations, was widely copied. From newspapers the story of the "literary find" spread into more critical quarters. Article after article, in proof of the genuineness of Poe's "Leonanie," appeared over the names of known critics. The presumptuous youth of a weekly newspaper, who sought to disclaim or cast a doubt on that which men of judgment accepted as genuine, was himself engulfed, while his poem continued to go the rounds of appreciative notice.

A Boston publishing house, which had a "Life of Poe" in preparation, now wrote to the *Despatch,* asking for the original manuscript of "Leonanie." It seemed that the most sanguine expectations of the merry plotters were to be more than realised. Then it began to dawn upon them that jokes sometimes have unpleasant consequences; that this joke in particular had assumed such huge proportions that it had become a risk to carry longer. The possibilities of two versions of a joke for the first time suggested itself, but with the battery handles tight in the grasp of the perpetrators, it was difficult to let go.

Riley himself, appalled at the success of his literary fraud, repeatedly wrote to the Kokomo editor to *turn off* the current, to put an end to it all before it became too serious, by an explanation

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to the public, but the editor, Mr. Henderson, was enjoying it too well, and insisted that the time had not yet come for the dénouement. It was finally decided that prudence at least forbade sending the manuscript to the publishers in Boston, and so its delivery was refused.

At last the senior editor of the Anderson *Herald,* learning the true story of "Leonanie's" authorship, generously communicated information of the facts to the Kokomo *Tribune,* the rival of the *Despatch,* the exposure of whose hoax and the author presented opportunities to "even up" some old scores of journalistic jealousies.

Through the boastful communication of a young son of the *Tribune's* editor, that "his father was going to print something about the *Despatch's* big stories," Mr. Henderson had timely warning, and in his next issue, anticipating the rival exposure, pricked his own bubble, disclosing the true authorship of "Leonanie."

The old dictionary with "Leonanie" on its fly-leaf, which laid about the *Despatch* printing office for some months unclaimed, finally passed into the hands of Mr. Foote, a New York banker, who had purchased the book from an enterprising printer, without the knowledge, however, of Mr. Riley. It is now in the possession of Mr. Paul Pemperly, a book collector of Cleveland.

To say that Riley won his wager would be only half the truth, for his joke on the literary world exceeded his wildest expectations; but for him it had so far lost its zest that he would not bear to have allusion made to it years after he had been wholly fledged from local editor to poet.

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE*

BY GEORGE BARR BAKER

It seems only yesterday that the United States representative in Europe was one of the few men who in Rome carefully must refrain from doing as the Romans did. On the contrary, he was expected conspicuously to shine forth as one apart from the suave and conventional diplomats of effete Europe; to wear an air of aggression, even of contempt for his surroundings, after the manner of "Cy. Perkins," of Pumpkinville, who attended his nephew's dinner party in New York, clad as to the body in a "sack" suit, but as to mental attitude, in an atmosphere of indignation at the reversion of his relative into habits of aristocratic delicacy and extravagance. Much of this might be ascribed to extreme sensitiveness, to a general desire, more or less subconscious, to conceal under an air of brusque independence the feeling that, despite our sudden wealth, power and great expectations, we were not yet, as a nation, quite "in society," whatever that may be.

Ours was the first nation ever born fully civilised. The Republic came into being physically healthy, largely because its component parts embraced only that which had been fittest to survive; aggressive, because only the most aggressive could have attempted what was achieved; of a fearfully intense mentality, because only through the aid of such a quality could the early dreams of empire so quickly have been moulded into something like a successfully working model. But beyond all this, the nation seems to have made its entry into life with a lusty wail of protest. Aristocrats from Europe came protesting against conditions which made them less

*Mr. Baker's paper, published originally in The Bookman for July, 1906, has an interest now that it did not then have. In some early issue we shall probably print the companion paper, on "The American Consular Service," by H. G. Dwight, author of *Stamboul Nights.*

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powerful than their friends, rivals and relations; came determined to found new fortunes and large estates which should make them as great as those they had left behind. Dissenters from the Anglican and Roman churches came protesting their right to worship in their own sweet way, and to force others to agree with them. Irishmen, weary of paying rent, came protesting that they must acquire land and tenants of their own. Missionaries came to teach the poor Indian that he must go their way in peace or go to the devil. Germans and Frenchmen came protesting against all manner of things in the constituted order of their own countries; while the Dutch, who came mostly to make a new Holland under old conditions, protested so little that they often have been lost to view in the stump-speaking school of general information. At best they seem to have remained what they had been in free and hospitable Holland—merely respectable, industrious, contented, stubborn, prosperous. Who ever heard of a Dutchman protesting that his business or social representative abroad was inclined to make too good an impression upon the people whom he was sent to impress? On the other hand, who that has lived in the West and Middle West has failed to hear representatives of the other dominant elements of our make-up rail at the subservient attitude of this, that, and the other minister to various countries, particularly those accredited to the Court of St. James?

All of which, perhaps, brings us to the fact that, despite the protests of our progenitors, their points of view were as wide apart as the poles. The different communities had little in common except their spirit of protest, and it was only by the exercise of the wisest diplomacy that they were held together long enough to get them to agree to a constitution under which they and their descendants might live in mutual harmony, and for whose integrity they might freely give their lives. Nor was it anything like shirtsleeve diplomacy which Gouverneur Morris, for instance, displayed, when at the psychological moment he stepped forward with his draft of the Constitution, calming the ruffled and bewildered spirits of the assembled colonial representatives, and with a smoothness and tact not sufficiently well known to the school board of orators of a later date, brought assent out of dissent, and secured the adoption of that immortal document. If this was not the first diplomatic act *under* the Constitution it was, to a certainty, the first diplomatic triumph immediately ratified by the Constitution.

Gouverneur Morris, moreover, was a man inclined to polite ways and accustomed to dress in the best fashion of the period. He lived in a good house, the site of which is still known as Morrisania, and there is little doubt that had he been alive and a foreign minister or ambassador during the middle or toward the close of the nineteenth century, a certain type of newspaper and a large number of vociferous patriots would have found occasion bitterly to protest against those very qualities which placed the nation under peculiar obligation to him at a critical point in history. His natural impulse, as well as his training, must certainly have impelled him to conduct himself at a foreign court in a manner indicating that he was to the manner born, and to a certain extent in sympathy with those about him.

AN AMERICAN GRIEVANCE

But during this middle period of our history as a nation there had grown up a distinct difference of opinion between the popular American idea and the general European conception of ministerial or ambassadorial functions. Indeed, the ambassador, as a superior title, had been tabooed. In the United States the opinion most loudly prevailing was that the minister from this country was the direct representative of the people at the various courts and that it was his business to please the aforesaid people, individually and collectively, on pain of unbridled and unstinted condemnation

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by all concerned. A goodly proportion of the public press stood ready at all times to make "copy" out of the complaints of any and every citizen and citizeness who had a grievance against his or her representative in any foreign country.

If Mrs. Jones, of Paterson, New Jersey, whose husband had been left at home to keep the wolf from dogging too closely at Mrs. Jones's heels, happened to reach London in the height of the season, she was apt to take a penny bus or a shilling cab down Victoria Street to the American Embassy. Arriving at that dingy headquarters of the great American Republic, she entered, modestly, of course, and informed the first person she met that she was Mrs. James Hodgson Jones, of Paterson, New Jersey; told him just exactly what Paterson and Mrs. Jones thought of the existing administration, and—by that time, the person first addressed generally managed to make her understand that he was not the son of the ambassador. Indeed, deeply as he regretted it, he was merely a clerk. She did not, as a rule, notice that he pronounced the word "clark," because she was busy collecting breath for a second onslaught, which ran something like this:

"Ah, to be sure. But then you are a citizen of our glorious land of the free, where no man ever bowed the knee save in homage to his countrywomen, who are acknowledged by all the world to be—

"What? Not American! Well, of all the impudence— Is this the American Embassy?

"Oh, it is! And the young gentleman over there is the third secretary? Why didn't you say so? Glad to meet you, sir. So you are the third secretary. The minister not at home? Well, I'm sorry. You see, I hated to go through London without calling on our own representative. I've brought a flag with me all the way from home. You should have seen me wave it from the omnibus when that conductor refused to take my American money for fare. I told him how 'shamed he ought to be, living at the beck and call of a king and a lot of lords. I don't see how you stand their ways over here, but I suppose you go mostly with Americans, and the others may be a good study. I'm very fond of studies myself, and, and—"

During all this interesting conversation, the third secretary had been making a mental estimate of the lady, putting in an occasional "yes, indeed," or other politely meaningless response, but really coming to a decision as to the exact degree of attention due her. Apparently, she was without one of those formidable-looking documents signed by the Secretary of State, requesting that she receive every possible purely social courtesy from United States officers abroad. The possession of such a paper would have indicated that in some way, possibly remote, she had a connection with a Congressman or Senator, who had been asked to provide credentials. In this event, she might have received an invitation to sit in the gallery of a big hotel banquet-hall and listen to the speeches at a Fourth of July celebration, or something equally delicate and instructive. She might even have secured a pass to the ladies' gallery at the House of Commons. But as her only means of identification were her Jersey intonation and a card containing her husband's full name, and as the room was even now rapidly filling with other Mrs. Joneses, some with evidences of political or social influence which could not be ignored, the third secretary, with perfect manner, expressed his joy at the possibility of Mr. Jones changing his politics and supporting the President, if he "runs again," and while pressing upon her some tickets to an agricultural show or a parade in Hyde Park, gently, but firmly, got her headed toward the door. There the long-suffering Englishman tactfully assisted in her eviction as far as the vestibule, at which point the well-trained "commissionaire," of any possible nationality excepting American or English, helped her into a cab or bus, with instructions as to her destination.

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Some time later Mrs. Jones recovered from her bewilderment with something of a shock. She did not like the agricultural show, or the parade in Hyde Park, because it transpired that, although she was near many of the hated aristocrats, she was not placed with them, which was absurd. She felt herself entitled to such a place, and knew it was only a scheme of those horrid embassy folks to keep her from asserting herself among her equals. It was pretty hard for a perfectly democratic person of her social position to be obliged to stand among the common people, and she let Mr. Jones, of Paterson, know it by the first post. She harped upon the subject, enlarging upon the enormities of a snobbish minister and his minions, who had grown so devoted to English life that they had no time for nice, cordial, patriotic ladies from home. An accumulation of Mesdames Jones caused a series of bitter letters to local newspapers. Metropolitan papers, having the additional grievance that the minister had grown somewhat complimentary to his hosts at public dinners, carried the various embassy outrages into large headlines, and at least one man ceased to be popular in the national and local politics of his own country.

Yet the chances are that had the poor man been able to discharge his daily routine, attend necessary social functions, look after the interests of all who came with political influence, which included getting a considerable number of women presented at court, and at the same time have found time personally to meet and entertain all of his fellow-countrymen and women, he would have done so with pleasure. But the volume of travel from America, increasing enormously with every year, without in the least increasing the income, the staff, or the space allotted the embassies, had far outstripped the capacity of the minister to be a personal representative of each of his masters.

In this rush of travellers, the women predominated, as did their demands, and this it was which caused the late king of Italy, on one occasion, to exclaim, when the names of a lot of American women had been offered for presentation at his court, "Great Heavens! have these women no husbands? How can it be that respectable women make these important arrangements without their natural escort?"

THE ENVOY'S REAL STATUS

Thus the real status, the *raison d'être,* of the envoy frequently was quite lost to sight. The fact is, an ambassador or minister plenipotentiary is the direct medium of communication between the heads of two governments. He is an officer sent by one sovereign power to treat with another on affairs of state. His credentials are directly from one sovereign to another, or, in the case of a republic, from the chief executive of that republic to the King, or Emperor, of the country to which he is accredited. He represents not only the affairs, but the power and dignity of his master. By the law of nations he has many special privileges, chief of which is exemption from control of municipal laws, and this exemption extends to his entire suite, as well as his wife, his chaplain and his household generally. To all intents and purposes his house is territory of the country he represents. The dignity is so great that the most distinguished noblemen are proud to enter the service, and in Europe, at least, the career of diplomacy is one for which families of importance select their young men with great care.

The practice generally adopted provides that a youth entering the service must be possessed of an income sufficient to enable him to live well and pay his debts, as any scandal arising from unpaid embassy obligations is considered the offence of the sovereign and the nation from which he comes. From the position of minor secretary, the youth is expected by slow degrees to progress through various stages toward a first secretaryship, and thence to the title of minister to a small court, from which

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he may go as high as his talents, tact, and personality can carry him. The gift of popularity is an important factor. Not popularity with the crowd, but with the sovereign to whom he is accredited, and with that sovereign's government.

Many years of training teach the aspiring diplomat the value of a knowledge of form, of custom, and of tradition, without which qualities the most learned and well meaning of men is certain frequently to cause annoyance or to give actual offence.

Mr. Godkin, some twenty years ago, in the *North American Review,* expressed our own situation rather bitterly when he said:

"The unorganised and untrained character of our diplomatists has not resulted in much mischief hitherto, because of our geographical isolation from the other great powers, and because, therefore, the other great powers have generally agreed to treat us as mere amateurs who were not to be held accountable for our language. The American minister is nowhere abroad considered a real member of the diplomatic corps. His mistakes, therefore, do not count. His indiscretions excite amusement or sympathy. He is understood to be a politician, with home interests which are much more important than his diplomatic interests."

Mr. Godkin then cited a case where Mr. William C. Whitney saw in the Mediterranean something of an international character which he gave to the public as having "made his blood boil" against a power friendly to the United States.

THE DIPLOMACY OF FRANKLIN

Now had the expression come from a recent cabinet minister and intimate of the chief executive of any other great power, Europe would have been found for some days in an excited state of mind. The statement would have been taken as representing some definite policy or feeling on the part of the government involved.

As it was, Europe laughed. Mr. Whitney, personally, was respected and liked in several capitals, but Mr. Whitney, ex-cabinet minister, etc., was not expected to observe the amenities of international intercourse.

Politicians opposing the idea of a trained diplomatic service, generally point to the success of Franklin in support of their claims. It is true that Franklin went to France without knowledge or experience of court forms, and it is equally true that Franklin remains a tradition recognised by all the world as the highest and best, as well as the most successful. But so is it true that Adams, also without diplomatic training, joined Franklin in Paris, and came uncomfortably close to upsetting much of the latter's great work.

Franklin went to France at a time when a blasé court and public sought eagerly for something new and diverting. He represented a new and strange nation, a democracy which was making the hated English uncomfortable. His appearance corresponded with the Parisian ideal of an apostle of freedom and democracy, but had he lacked other qualifications he soon must have gone the way of all nine days wonders. Franklin was a scientist, a publicist, a philosopher, a poet, and, probably above all things for the good of his country at that moment, a phrase-maker. He charmed the French with his wit, giving them something to repeat and something to look forward to. And Franklin was no prude. He had no noticeable puritanism. He was fond of the ladies, knew how to please them, recognised their influence, and used them for his own entertainment and his nation's welfare.

Franklin could breakfast easily with Madame at one o'clock, in her boudoir; could dine splendidly with mesdames and messieurs in the evening, and at night could charm the salon, at the same time quietly working to make the influential about him realise how fine a thing it would be for France to help the struggling people across the seas;

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France, the friend of the oppressed; France, the beneficent.

Then came Adams—just as good a man and patriot as Franklin, but narrow, insular, puritanical, without finesse, incapable of understanding French mental processes. Adams wanted France to see that to help America was to injure England, and therefore to help France. The chivalrous side was to be submerged.

The bare intimation of such a thing created a chilling atmosphere, requiring all of the astute and charming Franklin's subtleties to thaw. No, if France were to help, it must be done with every art of what Mr. Peter McArthur called that "high and mendacious courtesy," which could hide any ulterior motive under a spangled cloak of noble philanthropy.

FORMS AND CEREMONIALS

The French, like their neighbours, had grown formal with the centuries. When our Republic came into being, more than two thousand years had elapsed since one C. Flavius had stolen from his employer, Appius, a list of the forms employed in Roman law, and published them for the good of his fellow-citizens. Since that day "forms, formulas and formalities" have multiplied beyond the realising powers of the most arithmetically organised mind. During those twenty centuries "a great part of the inventive genius of man had been directed, in every land, among every tribe, to the discovery and framing of new special shapes of rules, wordings, documents, reports and regulations, all rendered obligatory, at some time or other, by edict or by usage. More books have been written about forms than on any other subject that the world has known. Forms have been created for every act of life—Greek fire, dinner, troubadours, women's rights, gladiators, salvation, chemistry, single combat, cricket, cockfighting and revolutions. Only the fractiousness of nature has prevented legislators from affixing strict formalities to earthquakes, avalanches, meteors and typhoons. Everything is controlled by form. Passports, quarantines, rights of local jurisdiction, naturalisation, domicile and the length of a court train, all the thousand and one complicated observances between people, are but international formalities, just as are treaties."

All may be broken, treaties, trains and quarantines, but each break carries with it a certain amount of disorganisation and discomfort, besides bringing the offender into disfavour. Most conventions are the outgrowth of a desire for order, for comfort in the management of the affairs of life. To be unconventional only too frequently is to conduct one's self in a manner inconvenient, if not positively harmful, to others.

One of the earliest Anglo-Saxon forms, or conventions, was an edict to the effect that "no noble shall give the queen a blow or snatch anything with violence from her, under penalty of incurring her majesty's displeasure."

Imagine the situation of the royal lady in question if she had been forced constantly to live in a court where an envoy from some Welsh king might, at dinner, have adopted the ruse of dealing her a blow in the face to detract her attention while he snatched a tit-bit from her majesty's trencher! Yet when Tennyson, in his ignorance or perversity, stood before the fireplace upon the mat kept sacred to Queen Victoria, he is said to have disturbed her royal composure quite as seriously as did the rude courtiers of her more robust predecessor.

"What," says an old writer, "what, we may ask, would be a court *without* ceremony, and what the dignity of a sovereign if divested of all forms, ill understood by, and consequently awful, to the vulgar?"

Ceremonies, originally, were few in number, simply because there were few officers of state to stand between sovereign and subject, and to enforce an observance of them. But royalty grew exclusive as the nobility grew rich and powerful.

To the possession of the landed es-

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tates conferred by the Conqueror upon his Norman followers, many before unheard-of services connected with the king's person and dwelling were attached, and thus, almost imperceptibly, the number of royal officers increased, until the sovereign came to be surrounded by an assemblage of officials who showed the nation at large their own grandeur by exacting profound reverence both toward themselves and their royal masters.

Thus began the modern era of puppet kings, sovereigns who reign, but do not rule. Elizabeth was a maiden lady of so fierce a will and so cunning a mind that she kept a fairly sharp check upon the foreign envoy, as well as upon her own ministers, but her successor, James, on his arrival from Scotland, faced a different problem. Ambassadors from nearly every court awaited him, prepared to offer congratulations on his new dignities, to exalt his sacred person in the eyes of the public, but at the same time to force from king, noble and commoner, the recognition due themselves as personal representatives of their respective royal masters.

At this date, ambassadors were ready to fight and die for the principle that they were entitled to the same degree of attention as in their own countries was given their king.

The Spanish and French envoys were the most troublesome, each scrupulously careful to prevent the other from securing any especial favour. They maintained quite royal establishments, and drove about with splendid escorts, demanding precedence over all but the king himself. Indeed, the prerogatives of ambassadors became in many cases almost greater than those of the sovereigns they represented. For a long time they exercised the direct right of judgment, and consequently of life and death, over the members of their suites. Their houses, and even their carriages, were recognised asylums from all local justice, and often served as such for criminals of any nationality. They kept guards for the defence of these rights, often carrying their pretensions to ridiculous extremes.

When Rosney came to London as special envoy to greet James, a brawl occurred between some of his suite and a crowd of Englishmen, in which one of the latter was killed. Rosney instituted an inquiry, discovered the murderer, sentenced him to death, and notified the lord mayor that he might at any time proceed with the execution.

But after he had been given into the lord mayor's custody, the poor man managed to get a hearing before the resident French ambassador, who, on his plea of justification, laid the matter before King James. The latter granted a pardon.

When Rosney heard what had orcurred, he lodged a protest with the French king, who demanded to know by what right the British sovereign had interfered with what was purely a private affair of Rosney's. A serious crisis finally was averted by complete surrender to Rosney.

Under such conditions it may be imagined that each capital came to maintain as many sovereigns as there were ambassadors. In Venice, Madrid, Rome and Frankfort each ambassador marked out a portion of territory surrounding his residence, wherein he exercised the *franchise de quartier,* maintaining discipline therein, to the exclusion of all local officers of justice. Prowlers were hanged by order of the ambassador.

In 1680 the King of Spain, exasperated by many excesses of the envoys, made a vigourous attempt to resume sway over his own territory, but the French ambassador, de Villiers, whose lawless conduct had caused most of the trouble, made such threats of reprisals that the question was dropped.

SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

We have had experiences in this country of secretaries to foreign embassies refusing to submit to arrest at the hands of constables who accused them of driving motor cars beyond the speed limit.

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Some of our newspapers were inclined to censure the gentlemen for what they deemed a breach of good manners. Some even went so far as to give an impression that the affair was the entering wedge to a class distinction, forgetting, or, owing to the general courtesy of European papers, not knowing that secretaries of American embassies abroad frequently have exercised privileges denied to the most powerful of nobles not protected by international custom.

A number of years ago, a genial American, distinguished in the foreign service, was dining in London with another American, also in the diplomatic field. After dinner, the night being fine, they set out for a motor ride to Windsor. At 8:30 o'clock, there seemed to be sufficient daylight to complete the run of four or five miles into town without lighting the lamps.

A few minutes later, however, when they were running at full speed, the sky became rapidly overcast, and a constable ordered them to halt.

"Name and address, please," said the man of the law, the custom being to send a summons to the offender notifying him when and where to appear.

Knowing all this, and being somewhat annoyed with themselves for a carelessness which might bring them into unpleasant prominence, both gentlemen promptly handed the officer their cards, explained that darkness had come more suddenly than they had expected, and, after lighting their lamps, proceeded on their way. In these latter preparations the constable had willingly assisted, explaining that he had no desire to seem officious, but was there to perform his duty.

They were just getting under way, when a second halt was called. This time the constable, carrying their cards in his hand, approached the car with great deference.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but I had not looked at the addresses on your cards. Am I to understand that you are in the foreign service?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "but what of it?"

"Well, sirs," said the constable diffidently, "I am afraid you are making sport of me. You must know that I have no authority over you."

A great light broke upon them. They had forgotten that they were exempt from the law. It was a happy thought, for rain was threatening. With a hearty good night, and with many thanks for the courtesy, they ordered their driver to make the best speed the engine could stand, and at the rate of something like forty miles an hour pounded through the village streets, leaving consternation in their path, but happy in their superiority to the law. Yet for a similar offence the Prime Minister of England recently had been obliged to pay a fine, while a prince of the blood royal, visiting England for the coronation, had been arrested in the street like any common offender, charged with disorderly conduct, in that he had set out from the palace to see London from the point of view of a man of the people, and, falling in with a gang of toughs, had drunk indiscreetly with them.

But there have been disputes among legal writers as to whether this exemption extends to all crimes, or whether it is limited so as not to include murder, arson, etc. "Practice," as Villefort says, "has always tended to exaggerate the law, which is not surprising when it is considered that privileges are precisely the sort of rights which are always trying to grow bigger."

During Cromwell's protectorate it was held that the restricted sense must obtain, and when the Portuguese ambassador was convicted of an atrocious murder he was executed. Now, however, it is generally conceded that the absolute inviolability of the person and household of an ambassador conducting the intercourse of nations is of greater importance than the punishment of a particular crime. For this reason there have been few examples of punishment of ambassadors in modern times.

Sir Edward Coke once held that an

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Ambassador to the Court of St. James was answerable "for any contract which was good according to the law of nations," but during the reign of Queen Anne it was decided otherwise. It happened that the Russian ambassador of Peter the Great was arrested in London for a debt of about fifty pounds, dragged from his coach, and forced to appear before a magistrate. For some reason never clearly explained, instead of demanding to be released because of his rank, he gave bail and then appealed directly to the Queen. Anne promptly summoned the Privy Council, before whom some seventeen persons concerned in the arrest were called and committed to prison.

At their trial before the lord chief justice, the jury declared them guilty as to the facts alleged, but left it to the judges to decide just how far their acts were criminal. The judges could not agree, and the problem remains unsolved to this day; but Peter, regarding the Ambassador as being practically himself, deeply resented the affront, and demanded that the Sheriff of Middlesex and all others concerned in the arrest be put to death.

Queen Anne, however, amazed the despotic court of the Czar by causing it to be explained that she was so situated as to be unable to punish even the meanest of her subjects, except after due process of law, and she therefore felt certain that he would not insist upon the impossible.

The matter might have been allowed to drag on until it was recorded among the forgotten incidents, but that the entire body of foreign representatives in London entered into the controversy, making common cause with Peter, and threatening serious international complications. To avert this, a bill was introduced and hurried through Parliament providing for the punishment in future of any "who might be guilty of such outrageous insolence."

Anne sent a special envoy to St. Petersburg to assure Peter that "though her majesty was unable to inflict such a punishment as was desired, because of its defect, in that particular, of the former established constitutions of her kingdom, yet, with the unanimous consent of Parliament, she had caused a new law to be passed, to serve as a law for the future."

"This humiliating step," says Blackstone, "was accepted as full satisfaction by the Czar, and the offenders, at his request, were discharged from all further prosecution."

THE CASE OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY

It was because of this law that when some years ago the splendid French embassy in London was remodelled, and a new addition erected, it was possible for red tape in Paris to delay payment to British workmen and contractors until they were in despair.

It was impossible to attach the building itself, because it ranked as French territory; the ambassador could not be proceeded against, for even had a court been found to grant judgment, he could not have been forced to pay, and it was, obviously, equally out of the question to sue the French nation in a British court.

As the months passed, and men in a small way of business grew more and more cramped for need of money which they actually had put into that bit of France situated in the heart of London, they reached a point where they were willing to adopt any expedient which ingenuity might devise.

The ambassador and his suite, it should be understood, felt the position keenly, and were willing to help in any way within their power, but appeal after appeal to the various departments in Paris failed of result, until the creditors, as a final resort, determined to ascertain what virtue there might be in publicity. They would ask the newspapers to air their grievances.

At that moment, however, the two countries were in the first labour of the new *entente cordiale;* the French and the British were friends, and no paper cared to risk responsibility for fresh mis-

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understandings by publishing matter which might be construed as unfriendly. "But," it was argued, "the French themselves would feel most annoyed if they knew that their creditors were being held up in this manner."

"Then why not ask the French press to interest itself?" was the response.

The idea seemed good, and the writer of this was asked diplomatically to approach the London correspondent of a great French daily. The matter was broached one night over coffee and cigars, when the air was filled with music and all things seemed favourable for a quiet talk over intimate affairs. It has been said that any subject may be freely discussed if time, place and opportunity synchronise, but it is to be doubted that the man who first gave voice to that sentiment ever approached a patriotic French journalist on a matter inimical to the policy of his political party. The coffee seemed to grow rank, the cigar stale, and the music to degenerate into jangling discord, as the gentleman of France gave vent to his opinion of any man who would not prefer the loss of a few paltry thousands to the possible interruption of an international good fellowship, while the newspaper man, who, merely to gain an exclusive sensation for his employers, would put his country in an unfair light, was given a reputation unspeakable. No, let the aggrieved parties journey to Paris, and there personally lay their troubles before the proper authorities.

The journey was made, but nothing came of it but polite regrets that the accounts had still to be endorsed by some department, while the writer found himself regarded with suspicion by the never-to-be-too-greatly admired correspondent.

Furious at this, one of the creditors, more influential than the others, attempted to have the matter brought up in Parliament, but, although one or two opposition members agreed to make the attempt, they seem later to have come so far under the influence of the new friendship that the question was dropped, and the creditors were obliged to wait as best they could until, in the fullness of time, the proper department got a new appropriation, or a new approval, or found a way to utilise an old one. The last the writer knew of the situation the accounts were about two years old.

On the same principle, an American ambassador, paying in rent and fixed household expense more than his salary, and being obliged, in addition, to spend at least double the amount in keeping up anything like the dignity to which the United States is entitled by its position as a world power, might, by sudden reversal of fortune, become unable to pay his debts to foreign creditors, but unless the Government was willing to assume the responsibility, the scandal might go unpunished, and the creditors might whistle for their money.

A troublesome case arose in 1839, when Mr. Wheaton, then United States Minister to Prussia, attempted to move from one house to another. His former landlord, claiming that some stains on the walls had not been settled for, according to the terms of the lease, at the last moment seized the carpets and curtains as security for the alleged debt. Mr. Wheaton, claiming privilege, appealed to the Prussian Foreign Office, where it was asserted that as he had signed a lease like any other resident, he was in duty bound to submit to the regular process of law.

The immediate question, as to possession of the carpets and curtains, was, of course, instantly arranged, but the dispute continued until 1844, and then was left to die unsettled, while to the world at large was presented the anomaly of the most progressive of republics fighting for feudal prerogatives against the attempts of a monarchy to bring its customs into line with modern procedure.

The whole question is vague and individual. The "law of nations" is an empty phrase, and must remain so until a way is found to enforce it. Writers at best can only reproduce the argu-

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ments of their predecessors, with personal variation, so that at best one can only generalise.

Yet, although custom admits that an ambassador is not amenable to any tribunal of the country in which he resides, he cannot misconduct himself with impunity. Should he persistently offend the laws and the customs of the country in which he resides, he may be complained of to his home government, or, if the offence is very serious, his recall may be demanded, or the sovereign to whom he has given offence may dismiss him peremptorily, and further, may insist that he be brought to trial in his own country. Among inferior privileges generally allowed ambassadors and ministers are exemption from general taxation, and freedom from import duty, although this, on account of abuses, has sometimes been limited.

The permanent ambassador of to-day is comparatively a modern institution, the original form being to send envoys extraordinary when occasion required, as when Mr. Reid was sent to the British coronation, and Mr. Whitridge to Spain.

PRINCE HENRY AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Since the Peace of Westphalia the title of "Excellency" has been given to all diplomatic agents of the first class, this including ministers plenipotentiary. Monarchies at first refused this title to republics, but Venice secured it by intrigue in 1636, since when its use has been general. Second and third class ministers cannot claim quite the honours accorded those of the first class, who may demand the same ceremonial that would be shown the sovereign himself were he present. This class included papal nuncios. The ambassador can at any reasonable time demand personal audience with the sovereign, while diplomats of the second and third class must deal through officers of state. For this reason the Ministry to Turkey has been raised to the rank of ambassadorship, and in future Abdul Hamid will be forced to see the United States representative, whose troubles with the Porte, in the past, have added greatly to the gaiety of nations. This ambassadorial right leads to some interesting situations, as may be shown by an encounter between Prince Henry, brother of the Kaiser, and a British ambassador. The two were old friends, but both were momentarily on official duty when they met at the grand entrance to an oriental audience chamber. Each wished to impress the observant strangers with the power of his own sovereign, but neither felt quite certain of his exact status. One was the brother of an emperor, the other the personal representative of a king. The Englishman might claim precedence if the prince was unofficial, but he did not know just how far the prince ranked as actual representative of the emperor. They stood for a moment after shaking hands, each waiting for the other to move. The delicacy of the situation doubtless impressed them both, and one of them later stated that while he saw the danger of being slighted, he was at the same time keenly alive to the complications which might arise if he administered a slight. However, with a smile, the prince solved the problem by taking the arm of the Englishman, and together, quite in step, they squeezed through the doorway.

SALARIES AND EXPENSES

With the increasing power and wealth of the United States, as well as with the growth of a national pride in the fact that not only are we "in society," as a nation, but that everywhere a man or a nation is judged largely by appearances, has come a demand for the highest class of men for the foreign embassies, and eight ambassadorships have been created. The salaries of $17,500 a year to those in Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Mexico, and now to those in Turkey, and $12,000 to those at the Austro-Hungarian and Italian courts, have made it necessary that these

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men of the highest class also be men of wealth. The mere expense of moving back and forth is considerable, while the rent of a house suitable to the office runs into figures which make the available balance of salary dwindle almost to the vanishing point. With Whitelaw Reid, practically for the first time, the United States Ambassador to Great Britain was housed in a manner to place him on a par, if not a little above, the representatives of the other great powers. If Mr. Reid did not pay more rent than twice the sum total of his salary, the owner was not receiving three per cent. on the value of his property. Indeed, it was said that the owner never cared to live in the house because its vast size called for an expenditure in mere light, heat, service and general upkeep scarcely warranted except by one in an official position. For years the building had been used largely for the entertainment of foreign visitors of note, and many are the stories of the woes of the owner arising from the peculiar habits and customs of a certain eastern potentate, whose great retinue was unaccustomed to the amenities of modern household life.

Mr. Choate had a fine house in aristocratic Carlton House Terrace, but toward the close of his term was forced to move because the owner, Lord Curzon, had returned to England. To the French, it must seem somewhat out of keeping with official dignity to find each succeeding United States ambassador house-hunting, and selecting a headquarters suited, not to the dignity of his position, but to the size of his income.

NAPOLEON III AND HIS NEW ENGLAND PIE

But the French long since learned to smile politely at the oddities of their sister Republic. The wife of one United States representative, so tradition has it, once horrified the French court by sending her servants to occupy the imperial box at the theatre, when the monarch, as a token of respect and friendship, had placed it at her disposal for the occasion. Needless to say, the act of courtesy was almost a command that the embassy party attend the theatre, and when it was found that they would be unable to do so, the fact should have been communicated to the sovereign through the proper channels. The scandal, still according to tradition, was hushed only because of the lady's rare charm and the court's sense of the ridiculous. On another occasion the Emperor and Empress are reported to have expressed a desire to taste genuine American pie, of the New England variety. The minister's wife therefore arranged a dinner at her house, where the *piece de resistance* was to be a pie. All went well until the time arrived for the pie. It was brought on with some ceremony, those present displaying as much interest and curiosity as etiquette permitted. Imagine, then, the horror which filled the breast of the poor minister when he saw that the pie had been raped of one small piece. Looking sadly toward his wife, who sat at the right of the Emperor, he was met by a guilty smile, and the hurried explanation that she had gone to the kitchen just before dinner, to see that all was as it should be, when the sight of the pie had proved too tempting for her, and impulsively she had cut and eaten of it.

To the minds of most of her hearers, it is hard to say which offence had the worst effect, the visit of a *grande dame* to the kitchen, or the mutilation of the pie. Again, however, the politeness of the French in general, and the bourgeoise origin of the Emperor in particular, saved the fate of the lady, and all ended in a laugh.

Less fortunate was the fate of the man who drove through the streets of Berlin with his feet hanging outside the carriage, while the man who wore a Knight Templar's full regalia to court because he was so weary of appearing in evening dress in the daytime, is reported to have caused a query to the state department at Washington, as to

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just what the imposing array meant, and how much honour was due to it. The reply, to the effect that it was one of the oldest and most to be respected in the world, hardly cleared matters, and the politically appointed minister was instructed that for the future he was not to risk a collision with the custodian of the traditions.

Perhaps one of the most interesting tales of an underpaid minister is in the diary of a man who went to Great Britain in the early Victorian era. The documents will be published after the lapse of a few more years has eliminated several persons, whose susceptibilities might be affected by a recital of how such and such a royal lady was noticeably indifferent to the condition of her finger nails, and how another such lady slapped her daughter's face in public. The minister in question was old and pious. His days had been spent, for the most part, in simple living and high thinking, but he felt quite at home when invited to spend the night at Windsor Castle.

"The Queen," he wrote, "received me with a cordiality very touching to one of my modest station, while her graceful dignity did not a little to inspire respect for her royal person. All at the court were most courteous and considerate, so that when I came to depart early the following morning, it seemed quite natural and in keeping that there should be many servants and lackeys lining my pathway with smiling faces. But my secretary whispered to me that they expected gifts of money. This at first occasioned me sad embarrassment, but a happy thought coming to me, I walked slowly past them, saying to each in turn, 'God be with you, my son, God be with you.' It seemed to me then that perhaps an old man's blessing might be of as much value to them as any other gifts, particularly as they all were well placed and comfortable looking. Nevertheless, on explaining to my secretary, what he very well knew, that I had barely sufficient money for our most urgent necessities, I was made to feel that as I left the castle, the faces of those who waited had lost something of their kindliness."

THE DRESS OF AN ENVOY

During the height of ambassadorial glory the matter of dress played an important part. Gold braid, costly lace, silks, satins and jewels were used with utter disregard of cost. The envoy himself wore a costume, generally of his own invention, which by its splendour forced kings into wild, extravagant competition. Secretaries and other *attachés* of legation were provided with finery copied from their masters', only lessening in glitter from grade to grade, until the junior members were found with less lace, narrower braid, plainer hats, and wearing swords whose jewels were less likely than their chief's to require constant military protection for the bearer.

Into a company of such brilliant plumage came Franklin, with his woollen stockings and thick shoes. But Franklin was picturesque, and the French liked his assumption of simplicity. The word "assumption" is used with intent, for it is not to be doubted that many at Versailles looked upon his garb as anything more than a clever pose to catch the popular fancy.

During these early days there seems to have been little or no attempt at anything uniform in the dress of the American diplomatic service, but in 1817 we find that in some vague way a costume had been devised, and was being worn, as follows:

"Blue coat, lined with white silk; straight standing cape embroidered with gold, single breasted; straight or round buttonholes, slightly embroidered; buttons plain, or, if they can be had, with the artillerist's eagle stamped upon them, i.e., an eagle flying with a wreath in its mouth, grasping lightning in one of its talons. Cuffs embroidered in the manner of the cape; white cassimere breeches; gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings, and gold or gilt shoe buckles. A three-cornered chapeau bras, not so

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large as those used by the French, nor so small as those used by the English. A black cockade, to which, lately, an eagle has been attached. Sword, etc., corresponding."

When Andrew Jackson became President, however, he came to the conclusion that the costume was rather too gorgeous and he prescribed and rather strongly recommended the following as being cheaper and better "adapted to the simplicity of our institutions."

"A black coat with a gold star on each side of the collar near its termination; the underclothes to be black or white at the option of the wearer; a three-cornered chapeau de bras, with a black cockade and gold eagle; and a steel-mounted sword with gold scabbard." This falling off in splendour left the minister still respectably dressed, and not conspicuous.

Things so continued, some ministers wearing one costume and some the other, until 1853, when Marcy launched a circular recommending ministers when appearing at court to confine themselves to the "simple dress of an American citizen." This might mean anything from shirt sleeves and homespun pantaloons to evening dress, but the circular was accepted merely as a recommendation, leaving ministers free to exercise their own discretion.

In Europe, we are told, it "produced a terrible uproar."

Mr. Sanford wrote from Paris that immediately on receipt of the news, he had determined to attend court in "citizen's dress"; that he had made representations to the French Government explaining the whole theory of the change, and had been assured that "it would not affect injuriously the relations of the two countries." Mr. Seibels sent his thanks and rejoicings from Brussels, and Mr. Daniel found the court of Turin "prepared to accept the blow with perfect composure."

The King of Prussia, however, took the matter as a reflection upon himself and his court, and Mr. Vroom was obliged to "procure something plain and simple," but still "dress." Mr. Schroeder, too, at Stockholm, was forced to consider the prejudices of the king.

At The Hague, one of the most formalesque of courts, Mr. Belmont nobly stood his ground and won his point. The court chamberlain and the masters of ceremonies generally, were shocked at the thought of a man appearing at dress functions in undress costume. It was to them, as indeed it was to the rest of Europe, exactly as though the captain of one lone company had persisted in attending a review of the troops in civilian's attire. But the king liked Mr. Belmont, knew something of his position, and courteously received him in street dress. Having done so much, his majesty still had doubts as to the attitude of the queen mother, who was a stickler for the proprieties, and had been known to show great rudeness to those who transgressed the rules. Again Mr. Belmont rose to the occasion. Politely, but with dignity, he faced her and met—nothing but dignified politeness in return. Indeed, from a letter written by him about this time, we learn that:

"I, as well as my family, have been treated with the utmost courtesy, on all occasions, by every member of the royal family, and at the last ball at the Casino, one of a series of entertainments similar to the Washington Assembly Ball, which are attended by the whole court, I was honoured by an invitation of the Queen to dance a quadrille with her, which was not the less gratifying for happening on a more public occasion than the ordinary court balls, and for my being the only member of the diplomatic corps so honoured that evening."

At Paris things did not go smoothly after Mr. Mason's arrival in 1854. Mr. Sanford, as *chargé d'affaires,* had been a fanatical champion of plain clothes, but Mason took kindly to court dress. This so disgusted Sanford, who took it as a slur upon himself and as a national disgrace, that he resigned, on the ground that Mr. Mason was going to court in "a coat embroidered with gilt

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tinsel, a sword and a cocked hat, the invention of a Dutch tailor in Paris, borrowed chiefly from the livery of a subordinate attaché of legation of one of the petty powers of Europe." Mr. Mason defended himself in a lengthy despatch in which he called his clothes a "simple uniform dress."

In London, Mr. Buchanan was placed in a most embarrassing position. He had several interviews with Sir Edward Cust, Master of the Ceremonies, who urged him to appear at court in some sort of attire which could be dignified by the name of "costume," and not to present himself in the clothes he wore in the street.

"After due deliberation," Mr. Buchanan "determined neither to wear gold lace nor embroidery." On any other point he was ready to yield so much as was necessary to please the queen, so long as it left him wearing "something in character with our democratic institutions." While puzzling his brains over this knotty question in diplomacy, a solution was offered of which he says:

"It was then suggested to me, from a quarter which I do not feel at liberty to mention, that I might assume the civil dress worn by General Washington, but after examining Stuart's portrait at the house of a friend, I came to the conclusion that it would not be proper for me to adopt the costume. I observed 'fashions have so changed since the days of Washington, that if I were to put on his dress and appear in it before the chief magistrate of my own country at one of his receptions, I should render myself a subject of ridicule for life. Besides, it would be considered presumption in me to affect the style of dress of the Father of his Country.' "

It was in this unsettled state of the question, and before he had adopted any style of dress, that Parliament was opened. Presumably, Mr. Buchanan did not attend the opening.

Sumner was a bitter and persistent agitator against any conformity on the part of ministers, with the customs of the countries to which they were accredited. In 1868 he secured the passing of a regulation prohibiting court dress of any kind, and Adams was obliged to absent himself from the British court, where the rule was that all guests must appear either in military uniform or in court dress, "the wearing of which," said the nation, at the time, "has the advantage of preventing guests from seeming singular, and from being mistaken for waiters and valets." "We hope," continues the indignant writer, "that the effect of this republican protest against monarchical follies will be as deep and lasting as Congress intended it to be, and will hasten the day when the United States will prescribe to the whole of this continent the cut of its clothes."

The London *Times* said that Mr. Adams had been absent through "unavoidable circumstances," but it was a source of general amusement that like the proud wife of the man in the story book, he had stayed at home because he "had nothing fit to wear." No one who has not seen a United States representative drive down the Mall toward Buckingham Palace or to St. James's on a state occasion, can realise how shabby a figure he cuts. Ordinary evening dress, often called "full" in provincial descriptive articles, never looks other than funereal beside a military or other attractive uniform, which perhaps accounts for the fact that most Frenchmen never appear in such garb except at burials. But in broad daylight, out of doors, beside the glitter and pomp of all the embassies of all the world, the black evening coat, the black trousers, the stiff white shirt front of an American representative, render him conspicuously *de trop* in appearance, and subject him to many of the petty annoyances of one who knows he is entitled to honours, but who looks not so much to the mode, even, as a well-paid doorkeeper, butler, or coachman, but rather like the combination house servant of a poor but respectable dowager, who expects him to serve lunch and afterward in the

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same clothes to take his place on the carriage seat beside the driver, to give the appearance of a well-kept establishment, and to walk behind and carry parcels when her ladyship shops.

THE LANGUAGES OF DIPLOMACY

Much has been written and said about French as the language of diplomacy, and certain it is that one of the greatest drawbacks of United States diplomatists has been their general inability fluently to speak any language other than their own, but it is a fact that in treaty making and in correspondence between heads of states, Latin has played an important part. This is particularly true of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when French is imagined to have been almost the universal tongue.

The treaties of Nimeguen, Ryswick, Utrecht (1713) and Vienna (1725-1738) were all in Latin. In 1752 the Austrian minister at Naples spoke Latin officially to the king, and when Louis XIV. wrote in French to Leopold II. of Austria, the latter complained that this was contrary to the usages of the court, which specified that communications be in Latin; and noting that although the treaty of Lunéville (1801) was written in French alone, its ratification by the German emperor was given in Latin.

In 1800 the English foreign office began using English to ambassadors resident in London, and the German diet in 1817 decided to employ German, with translations in French or Latin, for all foreign communications. This has become the general custom, largely because it leads to fewer chances of misunderstandings.

Constitutional monarchies, with ministers responsible to the public; telegraph, newspapers, and the general advance of education, all have tended during recent years to place the ambassador relatively in the same position as the king—i. e., his glory remains, but his power declines. Nations are beginning to understand each other; foreign offices (departments of state) are able to keep in fairly close touch, and the ambassador is growing to be more and more of a social functionary, whose duties, always vague and indefinable, increase in haziness. No one doubts the necessity of the ambassador, but one must search in vain for anything like an exact description of his work.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE SERVICE

With ourselves, diplomacy not being a profession, and our men rarely trained for the work, the very fact that foreign governments know that all kinds of men, for all sorts of reasons, are sent to them, forces them to begin without that social status which is found ready made for him by the smallest of European envoys.

The best suffers at the start from the fact that he is not a member of the calling, and that his fitness for the work may have had nothing to do with his appointment, besides which he was forced for many years to bear the brunt of that good old "democratic" period when our representatives got drunk at this court, neglected their debts at another, had street brawls at another, and even lived in an attic and did their own cooking. The good people of one little capital still tell how dreadful the Americans are, since one of their chosen representatives sat at table with his wife in a public restaurant, and after having satisfied his appetite, lounged back comfortably in his chair, plucked a pin from the lady's toilette, and proceeded serenely to perform an operation in dentistry.

To Europeans the *business* of the embassies is only a minor part of the duties, a special envoy being sent for special purposes. The main object is to keep informed of the feelings, tendencies and tempers of the ruling classes, so that when difficulties arise they know the people, how to influence them, etc., what to ask and what to yield. The duty, in short, of supplying their home governments with facts rather than making bargains.

The qualifications for such a task are

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good manners, eligibility, by temperament and experience, to good society in any country, social experience, conversational ability, knowledge of the language of the country, besides French.

The ambassador must be civil to those of his own people *of his own rank* who happen to be where he is stationed. He must mingle freely in foreign society, with eyes and ears open, and report what he sees and hears. Mostly his work is done at dinners, parties, clubs, and in private chit-chat.

Treatises, protocols, et cetera, rarely contain anything not settled in advance, or shadowed forth, over the wine and nuts in town and country houses. Hospitality is protected by freedom from those *not of the court circle* in his own country.

We, on the contrary, have not been accustomed to expecting business success from social affairs, and are apt to see progress only in what meets the eye and ear, such as speech-making, article-writing, and interviews in the press, so that it is only lately that the United States public has received with anything but derision the idea of selecting diplomats for their social qualifications, and within the month we have had the spectacle in Congress of Members bitterly attacking, in the best form of twenty-five years ago, the suggestion of making for our foreign representatives financial provision suitable to the interests they represent.

Owing to these objections, the United States minister, unless rich, still will be obliged to stop at an hotel while he goes house-hunting, and still, if in England, will drive up to St. James's Palace in a hired cab, or walk if the weather is good, and there make his bow and present his credentials to a monarch who, extremely democratic in his unofficial habits, still clings, officially, to the old customs. If the United States minister be not rich, he will have no proper home in which to return the courtesies of the large diplomatic society of Paris, Rome, Vienna, London and Berlin.

He will, in fact, begin his work, even if suited by training or by nature to the task, without the tools of the profession, without the weapons which await his confrères.

PRESENTING AMERICANS AT COURT

The late Mr. Mason, in Paris, knew so little of the ordinary social amenities of Europe that he presented at court any person who claimed United States citizenship, with the result that when some gossip told what many of the persons were, and that one of the latest had been a German barber, there was something of a storm. The result was that after Mr. Dayton arrived and had prepared a list of people whom he desired to present at court, the list was returned with a request that he append after each name the *"qualité"* (calling or condition) of the owner. This he refused to do, and several women who had spent much time and money on gowns seemed doomed to bitter disappointment. At the last moment, however, some kindly court official put his approval on the list and the presentation occurred.

Mr. Seward was indignant, and freely voiced his opinion of people who were so indecent and of so little pride as to go begging for imperial invitations when their country was in the throes of civil war.

This matter of presentation has caused so many scandals that even the British court has at length taken steps to restrict the list of Americans "to those whose names occur on a list authorised by the president."

Why an American woman should be so anxious, regardless of cost in money, time, fatigue, often humiliation, to get herself presented to a foreign sovereign, is one of the unanswerable questions of modern society. In money, she is fortunate if she gets through on an expenditure of less than five hundred dollars for actual necessities of the day, to say nothing of the cost of a previous social campaign, with, possibly, the tipping of some needy aristocrat who presents her, but who hates herself and her protégée for what she is driven to do.

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Then there are the weeks of preparation before the final day, after which comes the necessity of being cooped up in a carriage which may stand in line for hours before finally taking its turn to stop at the palace door. From here the woman is shown into a waiting-room, where she may stand for an hour or two longer, herded among a lot of others, all in terror lest their trains be torn or their jewels lost; hot, cross, excited, often trembling. The terror of slipping or falling over backward while making curtsey before the king is not the least of worries.

Finally comes the supreme moment: the candidate's train, of a length fixed by rule, is straightened out, and, following some other candidate, at a distance also fixed by rule, she struts across an open space until, before the throne, she makes her little bow, sinking nearly to the ground, rises, backs out, always facing the sovereign, and, if she does not fall over her train, is out in fairly good order.

The king and queen have stared at her, bowed slightly, and without a smile, unless they know her. She has been presented, and—she is no more a member of smart society than she was before. No one but the "society" reporter has noticed her, unless, perhaps, she has been so indiscreet as to wear more diamonds and a bigger crown than the Queen, in which case the sisters and cousins and aunts of royalty, who stand about the throne, nudge each other, and later indulge in a good laugh.

With the men, it is easier. They are presented to the king alone, and can hire a court costume for the occasion, drive to the palace in a hired cab, and be back in the street in a short time.

An ambassador from the United States generally has a special first audience, driving to the palace by arrangement with the chamberlain. There he is met and escorted directly to the audience chamber, where, surrounded by civil, military and naval officials, the sovereign awaits him. The presentation is brief and formal, but is given a show of cordiality. The ambassador presents his credentials, which the sovereign hands unread to an official; there is a brief speech of welcome, with assurances of good will on both sides, and it is over.

All envoys are expected to attend levees and courts, taking precedence according to the length of their service at the particular court, so that the representative of a South American republic, if he has been longer than any other at one court, may walk ahead of ambassadors of the great powers.

The service of an ambassador, technically speaking, ends with the death or removal of his sovereign or president, but custom permits him nominally to continue until a successor is appointed or other arrangement made.

Something of the terrors of court life on ceremonial occasions may be gathered from the writings of Miss Burney during her term as lady in waiting to Queen Charlotte of England.

"When before royalty," she says, "you must not cough. If you feel a tickling in the throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the effort, you must choke, but not cough. So, if you feel impelled to sneeze, you may burst a blood-vessel, but you *must not* sneeze. If a black pin runs into your head, bleed, suffer, bite your cheek, but do nothing. If you bite so hard that you take out a piece, let it go down your throat, but do not seem to swallow."

It might well be asked why, under such circumstances, any sane person should care to be connected with a court, but the answer, probably, is that ceremonial lasts only part of the time, and the love of glory is great.

"No decent Englishman," says an old writer, "could possibly be impolite to glory," and the aphorism doubtless applies to all nations. Voltaire adds that "it presupposes grave obstacles surmounted," which seems a better answer, and is more in accord with La Fontaine's *"Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire."*

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IN TIME OF WAR

The ambassador's position in time of war is one of extreme delicacy. If a war is imminent between his own country and the one to which he is accredited, much depends upon his tact, firmness, and discretion. He must go about socially, and to court, with all of his usual cordiality, showing no possible ill-feeling. If mobs attack his residence, he is expected to remember that he is vice-royal, and to conduct himself with the *sang froid* shown by monarchs who are supposed to be accustomed to bombs and hostile demonstrations.

If he is somewhat cold-shouldered by a few of his confrères, he is not to notice it.

When war is declared, or begun, he is handed his passports by direction of the sovereign, and is, in civilised countries, bid adieu with every possible show of personal sympathy and esteem, and his personal safety is a matter of honour to the country he is leaving.

The position of members of an embassy whose country is about to war with a nation closely allied with the one in which they are resident, often is one of extreme discomfort.

The writer happened, at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, to call upon one of the Russian attachés just after King Edward had held a levee at St. James's Palace.

The attaché, a handsome young fellow, with a degree from a British University, and well acquainted with English life, entered smilingly, but once the door was closed, sank into a chair and silently lit a cigarette. On his splendid white uniform glittered a diamond-studded order, pinned there by his Emperor.

"Well?" queried a close friend who also had been waiting for him.

"Oh, they were polite. Certainly they were most polite, all of them—when they couldn't help seeing me," he said bitterly. "Everybody courted the little Japs, and nearly everybody forgot how they had loved me just the other day. Only the Japanese were very polite, which was small comfort, although one respects them for it."

In the early days of organised diplomacy, political prisoners, in time of revolution, were supposed to find safe asylum at the foreign embassies, but it is doubtful if that would be permitted to-day.

During the French Revolution the Marquis de Chausenets, governor of the king's palace at the Tuileries, fled to the British embassy, wounded, bleeding, hungry, his clothes in rags, sought by a mob thirsting for his blood. But the envoy, fearful of consequences, dared only to feed and dress him, and then turned him adrift into the night.

London, to the American diplomat, possibly offers the greatest attraction, but the favourite posts to the general service are, in the order named: Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Washington, St. Petersburg, Madrid.

Secretaries of legation from the United States are appointed from the State Department, but form part of the official family of the envoy, and are of late years much petted in foreign society, where the fact that they really are not henpecked husbands, or mere inferior males, comes as a delightful surprise to that large proportion of Europeans, who, from observation, had supposed that all American men were small, sallow, furrow-faced persons, whose knack of making money made them serviceable to the assertive females whom they occasionally, only occasionally, were permitted to escort, but who always patronised them, apologised for them, and shut them up in the middle of anything they tried to say.

To the American man whom fate sometimes sends into foreign parts, this leavening work of the embassy eventually must be a boon. It really marks the beginning of something like conformity with the European idea of a diplomatic mission.

These young men are giving us a good reputation.

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The War for the World. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A collection of articles on various phases of the war. Some of the subjects discussed are: "The War and the Drama," "The War and the Women," "The War and the Jews," "Russia and the Jews," "Some Apologists for Germany," etc.

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The third edition of a text-book first brought out in 1913.

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A history of Oregon arranged in a series of narratives in chronological order. An appendix contains "A Brief History from Original Sources," a bibliography and an index.

French Policy and the American Alliance of 1778. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.00 net.

A general history of the alliance, supplemented by a bibliographical note, appendices and an index.

Travel and Description

Potential Russia. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.

A study of Russia written as the result

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of the author's journey through the country.

Through Russian Central Asia. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.25 net.

The record of a journey and an interpretation of the country and people.

The Voyages of the *Morning*. By Gerald S. Doorly. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A narrative of the voyages of the *Morning* as relief expedition to the *Discovery* in the South Polar Regions in 1902-1904. The author was one of the junior officers.

Biography

Potsdam Princes. By Ethel Howard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The reminiscences of an English governess at the German Court.

Revelations of a German Attaché. Ten Years of German-American Diplomacy. By Emil Witte. Translated from the German. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.

An account of the experiences and observations of the author with the German Embassy at Washington and the Foreign Office at Berlin, 1898-1907.

Shakespeare and His Fellows: An Attempt to Decipher the Man and His Nature. By D. H. Madden. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00 net.

A study of Shakespeare and of his contemporaries, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson and Christopher Marlowe.

Alfred Russel Wallace: Letters and Reminiscences. By James Marchant. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $5.00 net.

The life and work of the co-discoverer with Darwin of the theory of Natural Selection. The complete correspondence between Darwin and Wallace is given.

Miscellaneous, General Works

Apotheosis and After Life: Three Lectures on Certain Phases of Art and Religion in the Roman Empire. By Mrs. Arthur Strong. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

Fore-Armed. How to Build a Citizen Army. By Granville Fortescue. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $1.00 net.

A description and analysis of the German, French, Swiss and Australian military systems, and a plan for the building up of an efficient army for the United States.

Napoleon in His Own Words. From the French of Jules Bertaut. Translated by Herbert Edward Law and Charles Lincoln Rhodes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

A collection of Napoleonic aphorisms, with a chapter on the character of Napoleon, and notes.

Straight America. A Call to National Service. By Frances A. Kellor. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

Essays in which the author seeks to show how America may secure a more united nationalism. Contents are: "What is the matter with America?" "Americanism," "The Native American," America-made Citizens," "The Popular Vote," "National Unity."

Whale Hunting with Gun and Camera. A Naturalist's Account of the Modern Shore-Whaling Industry, of Whales and Their Habits, and of Hunting Experiences in Various Parts of the World. By Roy Chapman Andrews. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

An account of the whaling industry as it is carried on to-day, by the Assistant Curator of Mammals, American Museum of Natural History.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the firs of July and the first of August:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Seventeen	The Fall of a Nation
Albany, N. Y.	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Loot
Atlanta, Ga.	Bars of Iron	The Fifth Wheel
Birmingham, Ala.	The Border Legion	Seventeen
Boston, Mass.	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Blow the Man Down
Boston, Mass.	Seventeen	The Border Legion
Buffalo, N. Y.	Seventeen	The Yellow Dove
Chicago, Ill.	Three Sons and a Mother	The Prisoner
Chicago, Ill.	Nan of Music Mountain	Seventeen
Cincinnati, Ohio	Seventeen	The Girl Philippa
Dallas, Texas	Just David	Seventeen
Denver, Colo.	Just David	Seventeen
Des Moines, Ia.	Just David	Seventeen
Detroit, Mich.	The Hidden Spring	Seventeen
Houston, Tex.	The Finding of Jasper Holt	The Fall of a Nation
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Proof of the Pudding	Seventeen
Jacksonville, Fla.	Seventeen	The Finding of Jasper Holt
Kansas City, Mo.	Held to Answer	Dear Enemy
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Proof of the Pudding	Green Mansions
Louisville, Ky.	Just David	Seven Miles to Arden
New Haven, Conn.	The Girl Philippa	Seventeen
New Orleans, La.	Bars of Iron	Seventeen
Norfolk, Va.	Just David	Seventeen
Omaha, Neb.	Cappy Ricks	The Border Legion
Philadelphia, Pa.	Bars of Iron	Seventeen
Philadelphia, Pa.	Just David	Bars of Iron
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seventeen	Bars of Iron
Portland, Me.	Blow the Man Down	Bars of Iron
Portland, Ore.	Seventeen	The Bent Twig
Providence, R. I.	The Prisoner	Blow the Man Down
Richmond, Va.	The Proof of the Pudding	The Girl Philippa
Rochester, N. Y.	Nan of Music Mountain	Just David
St. Louis, Mo.	The Prisoner	Come Out of the Kitchen
St. Paul, Minn.	Just David	Seventeen
San Antonio, Tex.	Seventeen	The Seed of the Righteous
San Francisco, Cal.	Green Mansions	The Dark Forest
San Francisco, Cal.	Go Forth and Find	The Real Adventure
Seattle, Wash.	Seventeen	Just David
Spokane, Wash.	Seventeen	Just David
Tacoma, Wash.	The Fall of a Nation	Happy Valley
Toledo, Ohio	The Bent Twig	Seventeen
Toronto, Can.	The First Hundred Thousand	Just David
Utica, N. Y.	The Prisoner	Seventeen
Waco, Tex.	Loot	The Border Legion
Washington, D. C.	Seventeen	Bars of Iron
Worcester, Mass.	The Girl Philippa	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America

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(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Gold Trail	The Girl Philippa	The Master Detective	Viviette
The Border Legion	Come Out of the Kitchen	Good Old Anna	The Fall of a Nation
The Dark Forest	Green Mansions	Come Out of the Kitchen	Curved Blades
Just David	Loot	Behold the Woman!	Held to Answer
Seventeen	The Border Legion	The Prisoner	Come Out of the Kitchen
The Prisoner	The Girl Philippa	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Bars of Iron
The Bent Twig	The Border Legion	Just David	Bars of Iron
The Dark Forest	The Bent Twig	Just David	Proof of the Pudding
Cappy Ricks	The Thirteenth Commandment	The Girl Philippa	Bars of Iron
Loot	The Prisoner	Cappy Ricks	The Daredevil
The Fall of a Nation	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Within the Tide	Seed of the Righteous
Bars of Iron	The Fall of a Nation	Under the Country Sky	The Dark Forest
Proof of the Pudding	The Border Legion	Nan of Music Mountain	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America
The Daredevil	Proof of the Pudding	The Blind Man's Eyes	Just David
The Border Legion	Come Out of the Kitchen	The Cathedral Singer	Seventeen
The Prisoner	Green Mansions	The Bent Twig	The Belfry
The Fall of a Nation	Nan of Music Mountain	Behold the Woman!	Dear Enemy
The Harbour	Mrs. Balfame	A Hilltop on the Marne	Seventeen
Private Gaspard	Three Sons and a Mother	Nan of Music Mountain	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America
Seventeen	Bars of Iron	Proof of the Pudding	Her Husband's Purse
The Thirteenth Commandment	The Prisoner	The Unspeakable Perk	The Bent Twig
Life and Gabriella	Come Out of the Kitchen	Nan of Music Mountain	Under the Country Sky
The Fall of a Nation	Eltham House	Behold the Woman!	Patience Worth
Seed of the Righteous	The Real Adventure		
The Border Legion	The Dark Forest	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Finding of Jasper Holt
Seventeen	The Prisoner	The Grasp of the Sultan	Proof of the Pudding
The Prisoner	Nan of Music Mountain	Green Mansions	The Border Legion
The Prisoner	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Seventeen	Proof of the Pudding
The Border Legion	The Real Adventure	Nan of Music Mountain	The Prisoner
Nan of Music Mountain	Bars of Iron	Just David	Under the Country Sky
Seventeen	The Daredevil	People Like That	Just David
Seventeen	Under the Country Sky	Bars of Iron	The Prisoner
Fulfillment	The Thirteenth Commandment	Bars of Iron	Seventeen
The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Nan of Music Mountain	The Bent Twig	Loot
Behold the Woman!	People Like That	The Border Legion	Under the Country Sky
The Bent Twig	Seventeen	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Nan of Music Mountain
Cappy Ricks	First Hundred Thousand	The Fall of a Nation	Behold the Woman!
The Abyss	Nan of Music Mountain	The Dark Forest	Loot
Nan of Music Mountain	The Border Legion	Under the Country Sky	Bars of Iron
A Western Warwick	Nan of Music Mountain	Just David	Held to Answer
The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Under the Country Sky	Come Out of the Kitchen	Just David
Bars of Iron	The Real Adventure	Seventeen	The Shadow Riders
The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Under the Country Sky	Betty Grier	The Girl Philippa
The Real Adventure	Just David	Life and Gabriella	Seventeen
The Dark Forest	The Prisoner	Just David	The Cathedral Singer
The Border Legion	Just David	Proof of the Pudding	The Bent Twig

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. O'Shaughnessy.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
The First Hundred Thousand. Hay.
How to Live. Fisher and Fiske.
Kitchener's Mob. Hall.
On Being Human. Wilson.
England's Effort. Ward.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
We. Lee.
Counter Currents. Repplier.
A Hilltop on the Marne. Aldrich.
My Home in the Field of Honour. Huard.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any lists receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Seventeen. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	289
2. Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25	158
3. Bars of Iron. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.50.	114
4. The Prisoner. Brown. (Macmillan.) $1.50	103
5. The Border Legion. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	102
6. Nan of Music Mountain. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.35	88

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